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MILITARY critics have taken a gloomy view of the recent German advance in the neighborhood of Ypres. They interpret it as necessitating a considerable withdrawal of the Allied line in Belgium. They may be right. But in the past their predictions have usually gone wrong, and in this instance they may be failing as usual to place a proper estimate on the ability of the German army to continue its advance or of the French and British armies to resist it. In any event one encouraging statement can be made with steadily increasing assurance. If the Germans are unable to advance any more rapidly than they have done during the past three weeks, and if they continue to pay as dear for the successful occupation of small strips of territory, their great offensive will fail. Their fundamental object is to force a decision before their reserves are exhausted. They want to escape from the indefinite continuation of a war of attrition which would imply a final victory for the Allies, because of the untouched and inexhaustible military resources of this country. But all they have succeeded in doing by the recent fighting is to accelerate the process of attrition. It still remains a war of competitive annihilation, and in such a war they cannot win except by an accident. The German people understand this as well as their rulers. Just as soon as it becomes certain that the last drafts of the young manhood of Germany have been sacrificed in vain, they will resume with greater determination their protests of last year.

THERE are plain indications of the increasing difficulties under which the German government is laboring and many warnings can be discerned of still more acute future difficulties. German and Austrian detachments are apparently combing the Ukraine for food and war materials and by so doing are incensing the inhabitants by their ruthless disregard of the susceptibilities and need of their victims. The Russian people are beginning to learn that "peace" with the present conquerors means merely their exploitation for German military benefit. The pursuit of this policy by the German government will prepare the soil for an early Russian national resistance to its exactions. At the same time there are renewed symptoms of unrest in Austria-Hungary. This unrest may or may not become unmanageable, but if it continues it will necessitate one of two things—either concessions or else a renewal of the drastic and bloody work of repression. In any event, it will hamper the German staff in continuing the offensive. Finally, German liberalism is again taking courage to raise its voice. Recent editorials in the Vorwärts and the Tageblatt, recent speeches by Scheidemann and others, all betray a consciousness that the offensive is the hideous penalty imposed on the German people by the government for the present and future opportunity of exploiting the Russian people.

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UKRAINIAN protests against the annexation by Rumania of the province of Bessarabia require no explanation. Both strategically and economically the Ukrainian republic is weakened by the loss of Bessarabia. True, the nationalistic principle on which the Ukraine itself claims a right to existence justifies the transfer of most of Bessarabia to Rumania, but few of the nations of eastern Europe are exhibiting complete sincerity in their appeals to the nationalistic principle. Bulgaria is also protesting against Rumanian expansion. On what grounds? Bulgaria could not possibly lay claim for herself to Bessarabian soil. But for a generation Bulgarian statesmen have cherished the dream of a Balkan hegemony. Accordingly they have sought, not merely to extend their own territories but to weaken their neighbors or at least to prevent them from increasing in power. By the conquest of the Dobrudja Bulgaria had hoped to reduce Rumania to a minor role in Balkan affairs. But the acquisition of Bessarabia would do more than make up for the loss of the Dobrudja. According to Bulgarian logic, if this arrangement is to stand, Bulgaria must be compensated elsewhere. That means that she will claim additional Serbian and Greek territory which not even the Bulgarian definition of nationality would cover. Evidently Bulgaria has yet to learn that the world will no more tolerate the little idea of Balkan hegemony than the big idea of European hegemony.

JAPANESE official disavowals of aggressive intentions in Siberia may doubtless be taken at their face value. Japan knows well that without a mandate from the dominant public opinion in the western Allied nations such an enterprise would be perilous. And Japanese observers are keen enough to see that whatever may be the fluctuations of opinion in the chancelleries, the opinion of the peoples is converging more and more closely upon the ideal of a democratic peace. For a brief war a nation may find adequate compensation in territorial gains. Under the intolerable burdens of such a war as this the conventional values of territorial aggrandizement lose their potency. The western peoples do not want the cause for which they are making such tremendous sacrifices contaminated with purposes of their own that they now recognize as ignoble, and Japan cannot afford by her acts to separate herself from this communion of democratic sentiment. And besides, Japan stands to gain everything by the substitution of democratic for imperialistic policies throughout the world. If imperialism is not discredited in this war, the next focus of world conflict will be the Far East. And Japan cannot make herself secure against the dangers of such a conflict through an insecure hold upon the coast lands of Siberia. Japan's interest is bound up with the peace of the world. She will hardly care to compromise it through a policy which would lay the basis for future wars.

EVEN at this late day the letters exchanged by foreign secretaries and ambassadors, in July and early August, 1914, are worth rereading. Fresh events give a new emphasis to passages most of us had forgotten. Take for example No. 157 in the British Diplomatic Correspondence—from Herr von Jagow, German foreign secretary, to Prince Lichnowsky, still in London as German ambassador. The date is August 4th: "Please dispel any mistrust that may subsist on the part of the British government with regard to our intentions, by repeating most positively formal assurance that, even in case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will, under no pretence whatever, annex Belgian territory. Sincerity of this declaration is borne out by the fact that we solemnly pledged our word to Holland strictly to respect her neutrality. It is obvious that we could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making at the same time territorial acquisitions at the expense of Holland."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S choice of directors for the new War Finance Corporation is a sufficient guaranty that the vast potential powers of the Corporation will be employed vigorously to accelerate the reorganization of American industry upon a war basis. W. P. G. Harding, Allan B. Forbes, Eugene Meyer, Jr., and Angus W. McLean are names that carry great weight with the business community and with the general public as well. With an able and progressive board like this, we need not fear the emergence of the latent tendencies toward inflation that inhere in the act. Nor need we fear that a too rigid adherence to the conventional canons of finance will limit the efficacy of the measure. The experience of the last year has demonstrated that existing financial institutions were not fully equipped to meet the obligation of supplying to our emergency industries all the capital they could use to the benefit of the nation. This defect in our economic organization has now been removed. With its capital of half a billion and its power to float bonds up to a maximum of three billions, the War Finance Corporation is in a position to supply every legitimate capital requirement. The act itself is a war measure, and the corporation is limited in its operations to the period of the war and six months thereafter, except so far as the liquidation of its affairs may require additional

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time. But it is entirely possible that, if the corporation meets present expectations, it will point the way to a more thoroughgoing nationalization of finance after the war than most Americans now contemplate.

AFTER having failed to obtain a conviction against the editors of The Masses at the first trial, the government now proposes some time in the near future to try the defendants again. We are unable to understand how the public interest will be served by spending time and money on another trial. It will only serve to alienate an important body of American opinion which began by opposing the war and is now tending to support it. The Socialist party, apart from a small minority, at first regarded American participation as wholly unjustified, but it has not persisted in its attitude of opposition. President Wilson began to convince them of their error by his answer to the Pope. His subsequent messages and speeches opened their minds still further, and many of them were finally confirmed in their new attitude or converted to it by the Russian and Rumanian treaties. The Socialist party is now rent by a deep division and with a little tact the majority of the Socialists can be converted into loyal advocates of a policy of fighting Germany. Among the converts are the very Socialist editors who have just been tried. Whatever their convictions were a year ago, they are now just as ready to support the President as are the majority Socialists in France to support their own government. Under such circumstances, what is there to be gained by attempting to convict them of possibly seditious utterances which they are now ready to repudiate? When the practice obtained of trying people for their religious opinions, the accused could always escape the penalty by recantation. In this instance the accused have already recanted and their discharge would have the further advantage of removing an obstacle which still prevents many Socialists from accepting the President's leadership. At a time when the energies of government officials should be devoted to winning the war, is it worth while to go to so large an expense in the effort to lock up people who if they were not locked up would be perfectly willing to aid the government in its difficult enterprise?

GERMAN anger against the Allied governments, provoked by their decision to requisition and put into service the Dutch ships in American and British waters, has been more than usually abusive. Admiral von Cappelle, for example, calls our action "the robbery of Dutch tonnage." His scruples must be brand-new. Nothing like them is to be found in the leading international authority on the belligerent right to requisition neutral property. This authority's exhaustive study of precedents reveals a large number of instances in which foreign vessels have been requisitioned for belligerent purposes. His examination of existing treaties shows how widely the right is recognized. His own conclusion is not only that this right is universally recognized under international law, but also that the international right of the neutral owner to compensation is by no means certain. All that neutrals are entitled to is the same treatment as citizens of the requisitioning belligerent. If those citizens are not entitled to compensation, neither are the neutrals. "It makes no difference," says this authority, "in what manner the neutral property has come into the territory of the belligerent, whether it is destined to stay there for some time, or whether it came there merely temporarily for purposes of passage. Everything which is to be found in the territory of the belligerent party is subject to its acquisition under the same condition and rules." Our quotation and summaries are from Requisitionen von Neutralem Privateigenthum, insbesondere Schiffe, by Dr. Erich Albrecht.

SUCH is the law, as ascertained and explained in Dr. Erich Albrecht's Requisitionen von Neutralem Privateigenthum, insbesondere Schiffe, which was published in 1912, and is the only complete study in book form of this phase of the subject. But the law as he finds it does not satisfy Dr. Albrecht, who hopes to see it bettered by a more liberal and enlightened view. Where does he look for leadership in this expected progress? To the English writers on international law—the very authorities on whose dictum the right to requisition the Dutch tonnage was based. Dr. Albrecht says:

> On the other hand, another theory, known especially among English authors, has been more and more gaining ground. According to this theory, such objects of neutral ownership as can be regarded as permanently bound up either with the territory or industry of one or the other of the belligerent states, are subject to the same rules as the property of the inhabitants; such neutral property, however, as happens to be found only temporarily and in passing within the territorial limits of the belligerent should be taken only under quite extraordinary circumstances, in times of urgent need, and in such cases the owners should be given a claim for damages against the state in question. Propenty of this character includes, especially, neutral ships and their cargoes as well as merchandise which has come into the belligerent territory merely for purposes of transit. The power of the belligerent in case of extreme need to make use of property of this character, on paying compensation, is designated as the modern right of angary. It cannot yet be maintained, however, that

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this theory corresponds to existing international law. It can neither be ascertained from the practice of nations, nor from their treaties, that they act accordingly. Whether the theory will be accepted in international practice cannot be forecast with confidence, although it seems quite enlightened and fair. Practice often goes along different paths from those pointed out by the theory of international law.

In other words, according to Dr. Albrecht's considered opinion, the policy of England and the United States in requisitioning the Dutch ships and paying them the hire they would have earned under voluntary charter, is not only sanctioned by international law, but is in advance of international law, being a realization of the "enlightened and fair" theory which he hopes may some time in the future be recognized.

Germany's Financial Problem

TO win the war on the west, and thus at least to consolidate territorial acquisitions on the east and to validate the grandiose central European project is no doubt a sufficient justification, in the eyes of the German military imperialists, for the extravagant expenditure of life in the present offensive. Imperialist ambitions are not, however, the sole force driving Germany to desperate action. If she could have had peace without annexations, but with her old internal conditions of industry and finance restored, she might have hesitated before investing additional hundreds of thousands of lives in the highly speculative enterprise of a military decision. But without a victory, and one more decisive than Germany can even hope for, she cannot ever be put in the way of restoring her internal economic affairs to the status quo ante. She has been playing a financial game of a character that would land any of her citizens in prison, and she is now insolvent. She is now paying interest on her loans out of further borrowings, and she can not avoid following the same policy in peace. Interest on her war debts, if honestly paid in full, would consume the entire surplus production of her people. The aggregate taxable incomes of persons receiving in 1913 seven hundred and fifty dollars a year and over would be eaten up by interest on a debt less than Germany bears today. But this is not the only factor in Germany's financial disgrace. By exercise of arbitrary power the German government has managed to merge with its shaky structure of public credit the whole structure of private credit as well. Peace without indemnities or equivalent commercial concessions will almost inevitably mean universal financial collapse. And we need not doubt that the financiers impressed this consideration upon the government when the military party itself was in doubt whether or not to strike for a decision.

How the inverted credit pyramid of Germany has been built up is clearly exhibited by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin in his admirable book, Credit of the Nations, recently published by Scribners. Before the outbreak of the war, Germany was trading upon a broadly extended credit, controlled through the Reichsbank by the government. Under the Reichsbank flourished a system of four hundred and twenty-one joint stock banks, many of which had engaged heavily in promotion ventures at home and abroad, such as the building of railways in Russia, Asia Minor and South America. They had also fostered German export trade by the granting of long credits to foreign customers without near prospects of payment. War and the cessation of foreign trade meant the freezing up of a great body of bank assets, if nothing worse. The Reichsbank could not let the joint stock banks go down. It had to grant credit to them as if their assets were still liquid and alive. They were insolvent by fault of German policy; the Reichsbank had to make them solvent by fiat.

But a graver flaw in the German credit system was cloaked in the establishment of the Darlehenskassen, or loan bureaus, established throughout the country under the control of the Reichsbank. These bureaus were organized to furnish loans on collateral, and were permitted to issue notes in denominations finally so low as one mark—in effect an emergency circulation. Such notes were receivable at par by the Reichsbank, which accordingly made itself responsible for their redemption, although the securities on which they were based were taken at an arbitrary valuation, bearing no determinable ratio to possible selling values. It is true, the responsibility of the Reichsbank went no further than to assure the parity of these notes with the notes of its own issue, which shortly after the outbreak of the war ceased to be redeemable in gold. Neither the loan bureaus nor the Reichsbank showed any disposition to keep issues down to a reasonable level. After three years of war the loan bureau notes stood at $1,265,000,000 and the Reichsbank issues at $2,213,000,000. Against this huge volume of inconvertible paper the Reichsbank held $640,000,000 in gold as a moral reserve. Such a reserve can have only a psychological influence, but it may help to create an illusion of ultimate redeemability. But what every student of banking can see is that a time of reckoning is coming when it will be necessary to retire all this paper, five-sixths of which is quite superfluous so far as legitimate currency purposes are concerned.

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The currency of the German people, down to even the smaller denominations, has behind it a mass of assets much of which is now unsalable, and part of which has value only on the hypothesis of a German victory: values of German business concerns abroad sequestrated and possibly to be confiscated, values of concessions that may never be returned to Germany, values of export houses that may never be able to regain their markets, values of ships seized or sunk. Besides all these dubious values, the note-issuing institutions as well as all other financial houses hold increasing masses of government bonds, now outstanding in a volume so huge that it is open to grave doubt whether the government can continue to pay interest on them.

In every country at war there has been much involution of credit in the placement of government bonds. But this practice has been carried to an extreme in Germany. If a German subject holds eight hundred dollars of Anatolian railway securities, good only if Germany wins, he may raise a loan on them at a Darlehenskasse and invest the proceeds in war loan bonds. Using these bonds in turn as collateral he may secure another loan to invest in more bonds. Thus on securities salable nowhere but worth eight hundred dollars by fiat of the Reichsbank, a private person can manage to take up twelve hundred dollars of the government loan. And suppose that in the sequel government bonds prove worth fifty cents on the dollar? All the investor's collateral is wiped out, whatever it was worth. Thus it may be said that the private credit of every German who has anything is tied up with the credit of the government. And the credit of the government, in turn, depends on a victorious peace, which might restore Germany's foreign investments, and unload a share of the national debt upon the vanquished.

Victory or universal bankruptcy are the alternatives for Germany. But what is bankruptcy as compared with the losses of a prolonged war? Nothing, perhaps, in the eyes of the impartial spectator, but something very material in the eyes of the statesman and the ruler, who must look to the future trend of political forces. A nation, like a railway company, can continue its productive operations though bankrupt, but bankruptcy in either case works powerfully toward reorganization under new management. What would be the feelings of the average German investor if he found after the war that the bonds of his government behaved in the market like the bonds of a Central American or a Balkan state? How would the savings bank depositor feel if he found the institution he had trusted embarrassed by its holdings of government bonds on which interest could not be paid? After the war Germany will have to seek huge supplies of raw materials and food supplies to restore her industries to a peace footing. With what will she pay? She has no goods to export. Shall she use up her moral reserve of gold? It would not go far. She will have to seek credit, and she will get it on Balkan terms. One can imagine Hans saying sceptically to himself: "And we won a so-called victory."

The masses of the German population have demonstrated their readiness to endure every conceivable privation in war. But in peace they will expect prosperity. And what are the chances for prosperity if Germany must bear her own debt, already above $30,000,000,000 and increasing at the rate of ten billions a year? Before the war the tax payers groaned heavily under a budget of $800,000,000 a year; without victory German tax payers will have to raise nearly $2,000,000,000 for interest alone. Peace without annexations the German government might have accepted without serious loss of prestige at home. Peace without indemnities will carry in its train a long series of political consequences that the German ruling caste will be loath to face.

The Expert and American Society

NEW YORK CITY is now passing through a distressing and humiliating experience which deserves the attention of Americans in other parts of the country, because it is of far more than local and occasional significance. During many years previous to January 1st, 1918, the city's public business had been administered by a body of men, sympathetic to the idea of associating with the municipal government a group of expert services and agencies which would seek to alleviate the physical and moral distempers of its vast population. The Mitchel administration in particular was possessed of a high sense of social responsibility. Among its other efforts to improve the conditions under which the people of New York lived, it sought in the work of the Police Department to prevent crime as well as to suppress it; in the work of the Board of Education to introduce through the mechanism of the Gary schools a larger measure of individual self expression and formative social experience, and in the work of the Health Department to diminish the virulence of many of the infections which threatened the vitality of the people in the poorer and more congested parts of the city. On January 1st of this year a new administration came into power which was hostile rather than favorable to any systematic promotion of social welfare by means of expert special services.

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During its several months of office the new Mayor and his associates have been deliberately destroying, wherever possible, the fabric woven by their predecessors; and their work of annihilation is being rewarded with a substantial measure of success.

The distressing and humiliating aspect of this business does not consist merely in the reversal by a new administration of an excellent policy undertaken by its predecessor. Social progress is inevitably attended by many setbacks. The virtue of a living democracy consists not in its ability to avoid mistakes but in its ability to profit by them. The distressing aspect of the setback consists in the peculiarly large measure of popular indifference and even approval, which has sustained Mayor Hylan in his work of administrative and social sabotage. There are, no doubt, many thousand men and women in New York who are indignant at the ignorance and stupidity of the Mayor's course, but they form a small proportion of the whole population, and they belong chiefly to the class of educated, well-to-do and professional people. The popular indifference or approval is the natural sequence to the disposition exhibited by the voters at the municipal election last fall. Never was an administration more clearly and emphatically condemned by the verdict at the polls than was that of Mr. Mitchel. All that he and his able and disinterested expert assistants had done to cut out the waste and increase the efficiency and broaden the social activities of the city government had created no popular sentiment in his favor. In four years his vote shrank from over fifty per cent of the total to under twenty-five. In certain instances, such as those of the Gary schools and his attempts to reform the private charitable institutions which were receiving public support, his wisest and most courageous acts counted most heavily against him. The mass of the people of New York did not understand what he had been doing and resented rather than welcomed it. His policy made the impression on them of being a gratuitous interference with their interests and habits instigated by a group of fussy and superior people who belonged to an alien social class. It was to this prejudice which Hylan and Hearst appealed during and since the election. The whole wretched business revealed afresh the chasm which separates the expert social and administrative reformer from the sympathy and understanding of the mass of people.

The unpopularity of the Mitchel administration points to a dangerous and disconcerting infirmity in the very foundations of the American democracy. In this particular case the lack of popular understanding was intensified by the inability of Mr. Mitchel and his assistants to talk persuasively about their work to the people of New York, and by Mr. Mitchel's own indifference during and before the campaign to the motive and meaning of the popular grievance against him. During his last year of office his state of mind was that of a soldier whose business it is merely to fight his enemies rather than that of the political chief of a great seething and rebellious polyglot democracy. But even had he campaigned as if he believed above everything else in the reality of his social and administrative record, even if he had broadened his social policy so as to meet the immediate popular needs and grievances, he could not have done more than cut down the Hylan preponderance. He was doomed by the impassable barriers which his administration had erected between himself and his constituents.

In acting as they did the voters of New York were giving expression to a prejudice against the expert administrative and social reformer, which exists to a greater or smaller extent among the poorer people all over the country. Other recent illustrations of the same prejudice are supplied by the refusal of the people of Philadelphia to vote renewed confidence in a recent excellent government of that city and the overwhelming disapproval which the electorate of New York passed on the proposed new constitution for that state. Experts in administrative work and social welfare are increasingly being called into the public offices, because their services are indispensable. The part played by administration in American government is becoming more and more extended and important. But this growth in the scope of administrative work is forced, and expert social service has no basis in popular sympathy and understanding. Although the American people have consented to the aggrandizement of the administrator under the pressure of sheer necessity, they remind the expert whenever they get an opportunity of their lack of confidence in his ways and his ideas. He is being imposed on the American political system rather than assimilated into it.

The remedy for this malady of the American democracy is usually supposed to be a campaign of "education." We may accept the word but the needed education should not be limited to propaganda. If it is to be effective it must consist of something more than writings and speeches. The existing misunderstanding is deeply rooted in the political and social mechanism and in the traditions of the American democracy, and it cannot be removed unless some of the superannuated mechanism is reconstructed and the spurious traditions liberalized. Its removal will depend upon the forging of a new relation between the expert and the people, which will enable popular interest to be aroused in expert propaganda and leadership, and

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which will afford the expert himself the opportunity and the disposition to earn popular understanding and confidence. Let us consider for a moment what the nature of the obstructive mechanism and traditions is and what must be done to remove them.

American political institutions were moulded under the influence of English precedents and the abstract political idealism of the end of the eighteenth century, but the American democracy soon outgrew its institutional equipment. It was the pioneer promoters of the Jacksonian Democratic party who organized the American people into an effective society and government, and this new unofficial organization was determined chiefly by the social and economic conditions of the period of agricultural pioneering. During these formative years the American body politic consisted of an association of village communities, the inhabitants of which were homogeneous in manner of life, in social standards and purposes and in their belief in the average individual and his rights. In such a society the ordinary man, who was energetic, adaptable, superficial and capable of playing many parts well enough, was a more useful social agent than the man who was elaborately equipped for special work. It was from these homogeneous village communities that the enormously powerful unofficial organization of the American democracy received its form. During the Middle Period the party propagandist promoter appeared in the growing or over-grown villages and gradually perfected a district organization, in which one man counted exclusively as one vote and which separated the mechanism of practical and effective political activities from other social activities. We can scarcely over-estimate the social meaning and consequences of this district partizan organization, to the average citizen, living in a homogeneous community. It was so admirably adapted to the needs of that period and it performed such indispensable services in binding together the scattered territorial democracy that it obtained a tenacious grip on the confidence of the American people. It has consequently long survived its earlier serviceability. It is now consciously kept alive by a powerful vested political interest, which profits from this political apotheosis of the unspecialized man, and from the resulting divorce between political and other indispensable technical and social activities. It has made of the professional politician the consistent enemy of any and all interferences in policies by specially qualified people. It has divided the agencies of political and social fermentation from the local and political and social units, which, when pieced together, make up the tissue of American popular life. It is sterilizing American politics by depriving it of enlightened leadership. It is sterilizing American expert leadership by depriving it of contact with the people.

These consequences have taken place because a nation of homogeneous communities has gradually been transformed into a complex, highly industrialized society. Unlike its predecessor, modern America contains many large cities inhabited by a polyglot population, sharply divided into classes and dependent for its very existence upon the successful pursuit of highly specialized activities. Even the farm and the village, and the individuals inhabiting them, are much less self-sufficient than formerly and much more in need of expert skill and service. Such a society cannot leave as much to the automatic action of unregulated individual local and class interests as could a society of village communities. It needs prepared social programmes and every possible expert technical assistance in carrying them out. In response to this need, thousands of disinterested men and women have trained themselves particularly to perform social and administrative services and have formed themselves into a vast number of technical, propagandist or occupational associations for the purpose of carrying on their work. But they are always being frustrated by popular indifference and by political opposition; and they will continue to be frustrated as long as their associations are merely occupational, technical or propagandist and are not represented in the organization of the social and political district material of the American community.

If the social democracy of today wishes to do away with this dangerous infirmity in the American political and social structure, its promoters will need to go about the task just as the promoters of the old democracy went about their task of organization three generations ago. The homogeneous village community which was capable of contributing representative units to a territorial democracy has ceased to exist. Their places must be taken by new social units as deliberately planned to earn popular interest and participation in an effective working democratic organization as were the original partizan political district units. Each one of these social units should consist, not of a community of indiscriminated individuals whose private occupations were of small public interest but rather of all classes and kinds of citizens whose separation into different occupational or professional or propagandist or economic groups is recognized in the district political and social organization. The unit would become an association, not merely of individuals but of individuals separated according to their special activities yet associated in order to enable the representatives of these special activities

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to cooperate for the public benefit. In this way the expert would be wrought into the stuff of the American social organization. Instead of being from the point of view of the people an alien outsider who was always using a remote and centralized political authority to put something over on them, he would be transformed into an active neighbor whose private calling carried with it a public function and who would, as part of the day's work, familiarize his neighbors with what he was trying to do. In this way the expert special activities which would in part still have to be undertaken by municipal, state or national agencies would become a reflection and an extension of the similar activities which were taking place in the midst of the territorial social units and with which the humblest citizen would have every opportunity of being acquainted.

The creation of such units requires a prodigious labor and social reorganization but this labor has already been started by a group of intelligent and earnest workers in the city of Cincinnati, and we are confident that the movement will rapidly spread. Administrative experts, social workers and educational and other reformers will be convinced by the object lesson of their lack of popularity in cities like New York of the necessity of going about their job more thoroughly and of obtaining recognition for their special interests in the ultimate American social unit.

Anti-Efficiency in War

HOW long the road we still have to traverse before we arrive at a respectable stage of industrial statecraft is indicated by the inclusion in the Naval Appropriation bill of a provision barring the application of principles of labor administration of proved efficacy in expediting work and increasing output. "No part of the appropriations made in this act shall be available for the salary or pay of any officer, manager, superintendent, foreman . . . while making or causing to be made with a stop watch or other time measuring device a time study of any job of any employee between the starting and completion thereof; . . . nor shall any part of the appropriations . . . be available to pay any premiums or bonus or cash reward to any employee in addition to his regular wages, except for suggestions resulting in improvements or economy in the operation of any government plant." In other words, while the country is at war and in desperate need of every man's maximum service, of every possible unit of output, the government's own managing staff must abstain from making use of the only practicable devices to ascertain whether employees are doing their work or slacking on the job; and the government's employees are denied the right to additional pay for exceptional service, a right that is freely and cordially accorded to every capitalistic organization that serves the government. If, in order to stimulate ship building the Fleet Corporation were to offer premiums to concerns that completed bottoms under contract time, the whole country would give its unqualified approval. But the Naval Appropriations bill proposes an absolute prohibition upon the payment of a premium to the workman who places a hundred rivets in less than average time. The workman is not denied the right to do his best, but if he chooses to exceed the average performance, he is to take his reward exclusively in the form of a consciousness of a patriotic duty well done.

The plain fact is that neither in our governmental establishments nor in private establishments working on public account does labor anywhere even approach the limit of its theoretical efficiency. Let the accounts of the efficiency experts be discounted ever so heavily; it yet remains a modest estimate that by attention to the selection of men for jobs, to the adaptation of tools to their use, to the manner in which they apply their energy, output could be increased by at least one-third. In a given time we could have one-third more aeroplanes, one-third more guns, one-third more ships, and this would mean one-third more soldiers in France—perhaps the third to turn the scale decisively in favor of democracy and the peace of the world. But the framers of the Naval Appropriation bill propose, by force of their direct control over governmental shops and by force of an example that is certain to prove effective over a far wider area, to make impossible any progress toward this increase in effective manpower upon which victory may turn. What adequate defense have they to offer for thus placing obstacles in the way of the proper execution of our national purposes in war?

Organized labor is against efficiency devices; that is the whole reason. But why? Because in time of peace we never developed an acceptable formula for the division of the profits of efficiency between labor and capital, and because we have not made the slightest progress toward such a formula in a year of war. We must make shift to transport our armies less adequately protected by destroyers, we must hold our lines in France with fewer guns, not because the American people are not willing to pay for more ships and guns, but because we have failed to find a satisfactory formula for dividing the price of ships and guns between labor and capital.

There is a general tendency among employers

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to lay the onus for this scandalous condition upon organized labor. But let us recall the history of the efficiency movement. Did the "efficiency engineers" in fact contemplate a solution that would commend itself to a self-respecting body of laborers? They proposed to increase the output of labor and the pay as well. But they promised increases in output ranging from one hundred per cent to three hundred per cent, and increases in pay ranging from thirty per cent to a rare one hundred per cent. Moreover, the increases in pay were to be gauged, not by any ratio to output, but by the temperament and necessity of the workman. If a thirty per cent increase would secure the "full cooperation" of the workman, that is, his complete submission to the system, anything more than thirty per cent was regarded as money thrown away. Let us reverse in imagination the roles of employer and employee. Suppose that the laborers had proposed to introduce efficiency, reserving for themselves the entire benefit, except so much of it as might be required to secure the "full cooperation" of the capitalist and manager. Instead of the labor protests against capitalist autocracy and slave driving, we should be hearing equally vehement protests on the part of capital against labor autocracy and confiscation.

Scientific management represented a new economic force of great potential productivity, and the employers set about cornering it for their own profit, as they would set about cornering the benefits of a new invention or of a newly discovered natural resource. Trade unionism, with its established rules and restrictions, stood in their way. Thus a new occasion was offered for declaring war on the unions, with which American employers seem unable to learn to live in peace. Lacking industrial insight the scientific managers imputed to obstinacy alone the unwillingness of the laborer to accept bonuses and premiums in lieu of the union scale. The leaders of labor, on their part, proved equally wanting in industrial insight. Here was a great force which offered possibilities of production upon which a really living wage for all labor, not for a favored minority alone, might be based. The problem was to capture the benefits of it for labor. But the conventional labor leader, trained in the routine work of maintaining the union scale, of limiting the supply of labor to the demands of his market, of defending his jurisdiction against allied trades, kept his imagination strictly under curb. Scientific management presented problems new to him: therefore he was determined to kill it if he could. Indeed, the idea of subjugating it to the purposes of labor appears to have escaped him altogether.

Such was the condition in time of peace, when perhaps the nation could afford to have its production diminished while labor and capital quarreled over the proceeds. It is still the condition; the framers of the Naval Appropriation bill still persist in recognizing it in law. The fact of war has not yet penetrated the dim recesses of the legislative and the industrial mind. The common interest has not yet everywhere asserted its paramountcy.

And this is one more proof that the leadership which constitutes itself in time of peace and often survives only by force of inertia is unlikely to suffice for purposes of war. Every country that has been at war since 1914 has been compelled to reorganize its administrative personnel and its military staff. In every European country new men have emerged to direct the policies of labor and capital with a view to greater effectiveness for war. In America alone industrial leadership has remained static. The dominant forces in capital and in labor are still shaping their policies in terms of 1912. Are they capable of meeting the conditions of war? Congress has now an opportunity of putting them to the test. Let it enact that all appropriations under the Naval Appropriation bill shall be spent only in shops where the best available efficiency practice is employed, and let it call upon the leaders of capital and of labor to devise a formula under which efficiency will serve the ends of the nation at war and of organized labor as well. The problem is not inherently more difficult of solution than the military and naval problems we must face or go under. If the old leaders do not feel equal to the undertaking, let them step down and hand their portfolios to other men who have the courage to grapple with the difficulties that block the way to industrial efficiency and to the realization of the larger hopes of labor.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

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Paris Under Fire

MARCH 9th: Last night we had our second big air raid. As soon as the sharp sound of the explosions had died away—before the French cannonading had stopped and well before the berloque announced the end—I stuck my head out of my window. Utter blackness, blackness impenetrable, blackness that denied the very possibility of light, yet through it, on the street below, was already travelling something warm and vibrant and human: the Paris crowd. It was as if a river, obstructed for a moment, had found its normal course again. The murmur was slightly subdued, confused, but eddies of easy laughter, voices, disputing as to where the last bomb fell, floated up to me.

This morning I found myself before the yawning ruins of a six-story house, in the company of several thousand Parisians. A quiet, middle-aged working woman who surged up against me suddenly broke out: "*Eh bien, moi, Madame,* I was tired of the war. I had had enough of it. I wanted peace. But now—now, all I want is to be a man!"

* * * * * * *

March 11th: The "Gothas" again. An interesting progression: I spent the first raid in the street, the second in my room, the third in the cellar. The Swiss head-waiter, shrieking "*à la cave, à la cave!*" had turned out all the lights before I got downstairs, and dived before me into subterranean regions that date from an ancient convent.

In the first cave the sports of the hotel were already uncorking champagne; in the second, a Spanish scene, a card table with one flickering candle, a lady in black evening dress and three swarthy masculine faces; in the fourth, the cowards, maids and valets of every nationality, gloomily whispering; in the last, brightly lighted with electricity, the beau monde, trying to look as if it were their custom to spend the night entombed in a seven-foot vault lined with dusty bottles of old wine.

Mr. Blank, of the American Red Cross, protected by Mrs. Blank, had all his valuable papers under his Louis XV chair, and was making notes for his stenographer. The other males, though British officers, were less Olympian; in the tilt of their expressionless heads against the unyielding stone walls, one divined a secret grievance: wives had decreed this ignominy. Moreover, the red-haired refugee from Rumania, with her Bowery accent, her three-year-old boy and her sixteen-year-old French nurse, took up a great deal of room. So did Mrs. de Peyster's Russian wolf-hound. His mistress, with her pearls about her neck and her diamonds in her wristbag, summoned M. le Directeur to demand a carpet for the next occasion—the earth floor was unsuited to pets as well as to satin slippers. Mrs. Thompson, in her green sweater, also found it impossible to make her Chow comfortable. He had to yield his gilt chair to Miss Ames, who had slipped a fur coat over a gorgeous dressing-gown that belied her uniform hat; she had come from her canteen at the front, where they were bombed every night, for a quiet night in Paris. The prettiest of last season's débutantes put up with a pathetic little stool.

Boom-m-m-m-m——

"Oh, do you suppose that was the Grand Palais? I wish we could hear more, don't you? The only thing that I don't like about this cellar is that it muffles everything."

"*Couchez, Chow! Couchez tout à fait!* Mrs. de Peyster, do you mind keeping your dog the other side? *Tout à fait, Chow!* I am a little nervous—not about bombs. This is such a small room for a fight. I don't mean on your *lap*. We do love to treat them like children, don't we?"

"How discouraging! I had heard today from somebody who really knows that things were better in Washington. Oh no, my dear; it was a Major who told me. Well, anyhow, Baker is in this raid—I hope he heard that one . . ."

"What does that waiter want, snooping around?"

"They have sent him to see that we don't take any wine. Ten bottles disappeared last time."

"John, John! Did you see where my husband went?"

"Yes, they say it was a German General in British uniform who ordered them back. . . ."

"Waiter, please go up and get me a glass—I want some mineral water—and while you are there, just ask the concierge whether it was the Grand Palais or the Chambre des Dêputés. . . . You don't think I ought to ask him to go up? But you know as well as I do, that man is a German spy—if any of his old bombs drop in our court. . . ."

Four hours of this by the clock. How different is the quality of our heroism from what our American families imagine.

* * * * * * *

Easter Sunday: I think back with difficulty to the time when cave-dwelling was farcical, when shells were unknown: yet it is only ten days that Paris has been a city of the front. By night the

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silence is intense—more profound than one supposed it ever could be in a great city. It is this breathless hush—not the shells—that brings the dreadful battle close to millions of anguished hearts.

But the day has been hard, and one drops asleep at last. Suddenly, corkscrewing into one's unquiet dream, the siren; then the French guns—another *alerte*. The cellar? *Ca manque de charme,* as the stolid chambermaid says. One decides for bed, after making sure that shutters are tight closed (against shrapnel), windows wide open (against shock), and coat, shoes, passport, money, electric lamp at hand. After one hour, two hours, three hours of unpleasant noise—the bells! Blessed bells, sober bells—nobody who has not heard them tolling peace, tolling sleep, through these solemn nights, knows the fortitude of the soul of France.

An early evening *alerte* is worth seeing in the Metro. The current is cut off at the first signal; the trains stop and disgorge their passengers who mingle with the populace that flows down from above—mostly working-class families bringing their unfinished dinners with them; dangling their legs over the platform, they proceed to finish them, passing the bread and bottle from hand to hand. The crowd is not light-hearted, as it was in early March; it no longer stops to bring mattresses and phonographs; it is less inclined to sing as it walks the weary way home through the tunnels to Montrouge or Montmartre, and when the signal comes it makes straight for bed, indifferent to the immediate interest of ruins.

Yet this Parisian people is more than ever the warm, realistic, indomitable force I felt it on the dark night of the second raid. Shells do not disperse it, they cause it to collect, collect in charity to succor the victims; in curiosity to examine the hole; in scorn to note how small it is, how quickly it can be stopped up, and what wealth it has wasted for the Boche. The architect in charge of one of the Paris districts went one morning to a house where a shell was supposed to have fallen. The concierge at first knew nothing, but on exploring on his own account, he found a smashed roof. "That!" she said, "who would have thought of reporting that?" Woe to the provincial arrival who innocently asks the passer-by whether tramways are running. Instantly he has the crowd against him. Are we not fighting for justice and liberty? Why ask *défaitiste* questions? Of course, everything is as usual.

And this is fact, not bravado. To be sure, the statues and fountains muffle themselves deeper in sandbags every day. A new art has grown up—window decorations made of strips of paper pasted across plate glass. The Rue de la Paix goes in for diamond patterns, the neighborhood of the Institut inclines to the classic, and cubism—strangely colored—flourishes on the Champs-Elysées. Delightful yellow balloons, whose cords we understand are to entangle the tails of the swooping German planes, float in the evening sky. Streets, subways, restaurants, shops are full of people. Taxis circulate, and pedestrians, who are learning, as citizens of the front always do, to know the paths least loved by shells. Nowhere—this is the admirable thing—not even in the stations crowded with invalids, children, old people and family pets, does one see on human faces the shadow of fear. Tense faces, sad faces, absent faces; the liberated regions are no more, and the poor "evacuated," leaving a new set of homes and sprouting lettuces, are again crossing trainloads of soldiers, soldiers who even now, after the Yser, after Verdun, after the Somme, go towards the battle singing; shouting to the refugees: "Don't give up, don't worry—*on les aura, on les aura!*" It is not for themselves that the "evacuated" weep then. The blood of France is again pouring out unstinted.

Meanwhile, it is Easter Sunday. The horse chestnuts show their spiky whiteness overhead. Italian anemones, mimosa, roses, daffodils, violets, lilacs—all the buoyant and exquisite flowers of spring are blooming along fine gray walls, and color vistas that never looked more nobly detached and immaculate. Mass was celebrated in the churches this morning in spite of Good Friday's disaster, and this afternoon we had a chance in the Bois, in the Champs-Elysées, among the strolling crowds, to note that by no means all the children of the rich had been sent to the country. Here they are, with their streamered, costumed bonnes and their toy balloons that float above them like little red and green souls, mocking and challenging the forces of destruction. At decent intervals a crash—but bombardment is a sort of thunder shower, and lightning often strikes amiss. After the first day and a half of it, more than a week ago, an officer of the Red Cross went out to get his lunch. Paris had just traversed one rather disquieting moment—a moment of mystery; ordered to its cellars in broad daylight, it could not, in spite of periodic explosions, discern a single "Gotha" in the empyrean or hear a single French defensive shot. But news of the long-range gun was now abroad; already the realistic reaction had set in; already the boulevards were in movement, and the old woman who sells newspapers at the kiosk opposite the Madeleine was in her place.

"Good-morning, Madame. I haven't heard that famous gun of yours for at least half an hour—have you?"

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"*Que voulez-vous, Monsieur! Faut qu'il déjeune!*—It has to have its lunch!"

In this spirit does the ancient people of Paris, which has known many another embattled hour, hold its section of the line of fire.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

"Max's" Novel

THE promise of a full-length novel by the author of The Happy Hypocrite had an intense effect on Beerbohm "addicts" in 1911. Those who did not share in the excitement at the time may be bored now by being told how keen it was, yet it was indisputably keen, all the more so for being narrow and literary. A first play by H. G. Wells, a book of lyrics by Bernard Shaw, a comedy by Theodore Roosevelt, a volume of lullabies by Herbert Asquith—the announcement of such unexpected works might whet the simple and greedy curiosity of the large public, but the large public could never have a titillation that would exceed the Beerbohmites' titillation with Zuleika Dobson. Only a few hundred in all the Americas may have felt it, because only a few hundred could have been reading his Works and his Saturday Review criticisms. It was not the less a delicious excitement, and it was one which he amply gratified.

But not, I think, as we supposed he would. So much of his criticism was admiration of sober realism that we might easily have hoped for, or feared for, a realistic novel; or, if not that, a tenuous analysis in the mode of Henry James. What the Beerbohmite forgot when he heard that his author had written a novel was his author's eminence as a caricaturist.

How "great" is Max Beerbohm's eminence as a caricaturist I do not know. Somewhere, I suppose, there is an aesthetic Lloyds where the sure-enough rating of all the poets, painters, architects, sculptors, novelists and interior decorators is to be found, determined by spiritual insurance agents; and there one may find written down the exact percentage of importance to be given to Max's cartoons. In ignorance of this rating it is rash to call anyone eminent, but the memory of Max's drawings is so persistent, the means he employs so telling and the end so achieved, that no Englishman of his day seems to come near him. Is this because we who write about caricature are literary? Is it because Max Beerbohm is caricaturing Yeats and Moore and Shaw and Bennett and Tennyson, instead of the war cabinets and the secret-treaty statesmen and the humors of Zionism? Perhaps. But no one who has felt a sore spot respond to the caustic of his pencil can be persuaded that it is familiarity of subject-matter which makes him seem a genius in caricature. There is something else, a precious sense of human proportion as well as literary proportion. This permits one to insist on him beyond the literary reservation, to say that he stands high and alone. The curious thing, however, is to read the man who revealed for the eye the discrepancy between Queen Victoria and her regal furnitures. Curious, because you find in his verbal domain precisely the same kind of inclination and the same kind of power. Zuleika Dobson is many sorts of a novel but first and foremost it is the emanation of a most subtle and deadly caricaturist, a "shrewd and knavish sprite."

There is, according to the sagacious, a secret excellence in Zuleika Dobson. They see in it a caricature of a specific classical theme. If one have not the clue to this heroical story, they murmur, the finer points of the novel are lost. This is impressive, but it is consoling to discover how much enjoyment is left for the ordinary open-faced unclassical citizen. No one can deny to Zuleika Dobson its consummate literary flavor. Its literary flavor is one of its perfections. But literary flavor is one of the most popular sources of pleasure, and the strength of Zuleika is such that no particular legend, no definite mythology, is needed to give it edge. Classic as the Duke of Dorset may be ("fourteenth Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Dorset, Earl of Grove, Earl of Chastermaine, Viscount Brewsby, Baron Grove, Baron Petstrap, and Baron Wolock, in the Peerage of England"), the charm of his portrayal, both as a personage by himself and as the desperate lover of Zuleika, is the appreciation, the devilish appreciation, Max Beerbohm exhibits of the eternal verity, noblesse oblige. There may be sly reminiscences of Homer in the heroics of the Duke of Dorset, fittingly displayed at Oxford, yet Homer is only a lamp to cast another silhouette of the duke. By himself he is complete, a model of such austere masculine nobility as only our great receding civilization could have produced.

Zuleika, of course, is herself a romantic portrait of the first order, and it is perfectly easy to believe that she turned the head of Oxford youth ("youth, youth!"), in the manner that Mr. Beerbohm patiently and scrupulously describes. But while Zuleika has the imperishable attributes of a sex enslaving or enslaved, illustrated with a cruel disregard of undergraduate life at the beginning of chapter XXI, there is something even more sexually characteristic in Dorset's male style and posture, his nature lofty and nonpareil. Without the noble Dorset to mark the abysms of tragedy, Oxford would not be quite Oxford or Zuleika so Zuleika. And yet beyond Dorset and Zuleika, Noaks and

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Oover and Mrs. Batch and the Warden, it is Oxford, "that mysterious, inenubilable spirit, spirit of Oxford," which gives the novel its really deep intonation. A love such as Mr. Beerbohm bears Oxford could alone have steeped the book in sentiment as well as satire, beauty as well as mockery—and great beauty the book has. The Rhodes scholar Oover may seem to an American the best example of the author's sunny malice, but that is probably because it is the sententious Oover we know best, Oover for whom Max Beerbohm has defied the English rule of impercipience, to whose exact idiom he has actually listened. One may be sure he has listened just as faithfully to the MacQuern; and the Junta ("a member of the Junta can do no wrong") suggests a most sensitive accuracy in this country of undergraduate shibboleths, Yale locks and keys.

Only one thing Zuleika Dobson lacks that a regular novel has, and that is dullness. It is a long story taken at the pace of a sprint, its wit relentlessly sustained. But how varied, how ingenious in incident, how full of funny gesture and dry discrimination, is this undergraduate epic; with such a gay gallopade of mortality and such decorative archaism of expression, and such a solicitude for words. This last may not seem important, it is still an enduring constituent of its author's charm. To most writers words are public characters, to be handled as the public is handled by thick-skinned officials, a mob to be regimented and shoved on. For Max Beerbohm words are persons with their own physiognomies, with their own frailties and proclivities, to be humored and made much of. His delicacy with words, however, is not limp-handed. It is part of that deep sensibility which makes him what he is.

And that, I should say, is a spirit at one with sweet Puck, "Merry wanderer of the night." Whether in Zuleika or his writings on another scale, he is one of the few pure comedic spirits of his country. He has the gift of holding the mirror up to self-portraiture, of proportioning the heart and the head. To some it may seem that Max Beerbohm is "precious" in the sense of mannered and artificial, and that the best he does is to carve cherry stones. This is a misinterpretation of the best foolery of our time. It is not for nothing that the sub-title of The Happy Hypocrite is "a fairy tale for tired men." Mr. Beerbohm needs the license of labelled entertainment. But the fate that attended one of his books issued in the United States, burned in the end as not merchantable, is a reproach to the public rather than the author, a fantasy on popular taste. His dandyism, his daintiness, his restraint and precision of gesture, have all such inward laughter in them that they are irresistible for the reader who has pounded literary pavements and been jostled along main travelled roads. To say this may be clumsy when Max Beerbohm can be as full of burlesque as follows:

"The very birds in the trees of Trinity were oppressed and did not twitter. The very leaves did not whisper.

"Out through the railings, and across the road, prowled a skimpy and dingy cat, trying to look like a tiger.

"It was all very sinister and dismal."

There are people, in spite of everything, who still cannot see that cat, or see Max Beerbohm. That is why downright emphasis on his amusingness, on any subtle man's amusingness, has claims to be forgiven. But the test, the reward, is the man himself, not his cicerone. And Max can afford to speak for himself.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

[This introduction to the coming Modern Library edition of "Zuleika Dobson" is reprinted by permission of the publishers, Boni & Liveright.]

England and Educational Reconstruction

IN the programme of the British Labor party, which was recently published by the New Republic, the chief planks in the proposals for reconstruction were stated to be health, leisure, education and subsistence. Some measure of the seriousness with which this policy is accepted in England by all parties is afforded by a study of the Education bill introduced into Parliament two months ago, which when passed will make provision for three of these proposals. The country's interest in education was aroused soon after the outbreak of the war, partly by the exposure of the deficiencies in its system of higher education, partly by the remarkable spirit shown by the graduates of every type of educational institution. The energy displayed by the teaching profession in developing to the utmost the resources of the schools of every grade as a contribution to the nation's need served to intensify the dawning recognition that the nation's future was bound up with the improvement of her schools. The general press gave more attention to education during the first two years of the war than in any ten preceding it. Reconstruction committees were everywhere established, all with the same purpose in view, the development of plans for the extension of educational facilities as the basis of progressive democracy. The nationalization of public utilities showed the possibilities in one direction, but the greatest stimu-

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lus and inspiration came from the revelation of the colossal financial resources of the country, which was able to spend in one day on the work of destruction about half of the sum devoted by the state to education in one year.

The public in general was accordingly prepared in 1917 to give more serious attention than ever before to the needs of a national system of education, but the strongest stimulus came from the representative labor element. The Labor party, which has been consolidating its strength and political influence by throwing open its ranks to all who work by hand and brain, feels that the opportunity has come for extending the conception of democracy in directions hitherto undreamed of. This ideal, however, is not to be secured by patchwork legislation but by systematic reconstruction that will secure for all the requisites of health, life and worthy citizenship. It is because Labor today is the only party that has a programme of reconstruction and some vision of the possibilities before the nation and the world that it is commending itself to those who work by brain as well as those who work by hand. It may be mentioned in this connection that the National Union of Teachers and the Assistant Masters Association, representing respectively elementary and secondary school teachers, are considering amalgamation with the party.

The influence of the Labor party is perhaps one of the strongest elements in securing the introduction of the measure for educational reform that is now before Parliament. While many diverse elements have contributed their share to the programme, the chief proposals of the Workers' Educational Association have been incorporated in the bill. The first instalment of educational reconstruction came a year ago with the appointment of Mr. Fisher as Minister of Education, the first appointment to this position of a man directly active in educational work. The second step was the increase in the last budget of the annual national expenditure for education by nearly eighteen million dollars above the previous year's appropriation, to be used mainly for the increase of teachers' salaries.

The third step is the education bill now being considered, which has the support of every party in Parliament and which will soon be placed on the statute book. The present bill is based on the desire to develop a stronger nation with broader human sympathies "by offering to every child the opportunity of enjoying that form of education most adapted to fashion its qualities to the highest use." In a real sense the new system is to be a national system to conserve the physical and intellectual strength of the nation. A coordinated and well articulated plan is to be set up for the participation of every child in the country up to the age of eighteen not in attendance at a full-time day school. There is to be less waste and greater efficiency by the encouragement of local cooperation. The limits on local educational expenditure are to be removed, and the central authority is to pay annual grants equal at least to fifty per cent of the local burden.

The first care of the nation is to fill up the gaps that have been caused by the present ordeal. A better chance to survive is to be given to every child born into the community by plans for the conservation and extension of life. Schools for mothers, to give training in prenatal and infant care, are to be subsidized by the government. Early school attendance is to be postponed for young children, but the need of establishing a suitable environment for them at a time when women are entering the industries in increasing numbers is recognized in the development of nursery schools or day nurseries for children between the ages of two and six, in which care will be given to provide a healthy diet, plenty of fresh air and play, and medical inspection, with some introduction through play to formal school work. A movement in the same direction is the extension of an already excellent system of medical inspection and school nursing to these pre-elementary schools and to the secondary and continuation schools. To this must be added the provision of medical treatment and school clinics, and the medical attendance provided under the national insurance scheme to all workers. Further, enormous strides have been made during the war in the promotion of the health of factory workers by studies in fatigue and by the provision of rest and recreation facilities. Physical well being is also to be promoted by increased attention to physical training, organized games and recreational activities under the charge of play organizers.

Important as the physical well being may be, England is beginning to recognize the importance of intellectual training for a growing democracy. The new law will abolish all exemptions from school attendance until the completion of the fourteenth year, with power granted to local authorities to raise the age to fifteen. Pupils will only be permitted to enter or leave at stated periods in the year. A rigorous system of school attendance will be accompanied by strict limitations on the labor of children during their attendance in the elementary school. The elementary school curriculum of the future will be less bookish and more practical than hitherto and will be better articulated with the higher schools. For those pupils who cannot pass on to a secondary school, more advanced courses will be provided in the last two years of the elementary school period.

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The most radical part of the new programme is the introduction of compulsory attendance in continuation schools up to the completion of the eighteenth year for at least eight hours a week between the hours of eight a. m. and seven p. m. The burden will be placed on parents and employers, who must give additional time off to enable young persons to attend school. So far as one can see at present, labor will insist that the continuation schools be classified not as trade or vocational schools but as secondary schools. Accordingly it is unlikely that the Munich plan will be followed. Instead the work of the continuation schools will be devoted to general education and healthy recreation. The ideal underlying this plan is that no young person shall be deprived of further educational opportunities through early specialization and economic pressure. If the ideal of democracy is to be realized and more leisure is to be enjoyed by all, the school must assume the task of preparing for its use. Holiday camps and clubs are to be developed to supplement the work of the continuation schools. The chief emphasis is placed on healthy citizenship and human values and only secondarily on the vocational aspect.

The provision of secondary education is to be widely extended; the increased number of schools is to be made more accessible and to be better articulated with the elementary schools. The secondary schools are to be organized in two divisions; the first for pupils between the ages of eleven or twelve and fifteen or sixteen; the second up to the age of eighteen or nineteen. In the smaller areas, plans have already been developed to provide the advanced courses by cooperation and the pooling of resources. In the curriculum a definite stand is being made by all parties against early specialization before the age of sixteen. Here too the animating motive is the provision of general preparation for citizenship and leisure.

The quarrels of the classicists and scientists are likely to be set at rest by the acceptance of a new conception of the humanities as those studies, which should acquaint the pupils so far as may be "with the capacities and ideals of mankind, as expressed in literature and art, with its achievements and ambitions as recorded in history, and with the nature and laws of the world as interpreted by science, philosophy, and religion." There will be no place here for vocational education; not that the country is not awake to the needs of technical training, but there is a strong feeling that "if in our reform we fix our eyes only on material ends, we may foster among ourselves the very spirit against which we are fighting today." The lower secondary schools will accordingly devote themselves to a curriculum based on languages, science and mathematics, history and geography, with room for economics and politics. The advanced courses will furnish scope for specialization.

While the position of teachers is not dealt with in the present bill, the war has greatly improved it, and the teachers have asserted their place in public life. Their professional position and esteem are better today than ever before. Salaries have been increased not merely by local bonuses but by a revision of scales almost universally. For the first time a career is to be opened to teachers, especially in the secondary field. Training will be insisted upon for all, and the training colleges for the preparation of elementary teachers are now contemplating the adoption of a three year course above the secondary school. Finally, no better indication of the importance assumed by education can be afforded than by the provision in the bill permitting local authorities to spend money on research in education.

The bill will undoubtedly pass, for it has the support of every creed and all political parties. It is not a political measure, but the first guaranty of national reconstruction in England which looks to the establishment of the highest democratic ideals for which the world is today at war. This educational reform must not be looked upon as an isolated experiment. It goes hand in hand with the electoral reform which established adult suffrage for men and women. Taken together the two measures form the foundation for the attainment of the hopes of democracy, for the freedom and responsibilities of which education is to prepare.

How great and immediate is the need in this country of anticipating some of the problems of educational reconstruction after the war can in no way be more significantly illustrated than by reference to some of the vague and ill considered suggestions made at the recent meeting of school superintendents at Atlantic City. Complicated as the situation was becoming before the war, the crisis has only served to intensify the difficulties. The educational problems, second only in importance for the teacher to the effective conduct of the war, must be attacked at once so that peace does not find this country unprepared. The teacher who can forecast the problems that must arise after the war makes clearer to himself what the war is about. Temporary remedies, fanciful panaceas, vocational education, administrative devices, standard tests and measurements, besides the thousand and one interests that seem to think the present an opportune time to capture the school, will constitute only a patchwork design. A national policy must arise above such temporary expedients. As England's example has shown, such a comprehensive

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plan must be devised immediately if the teachers of the country, in response to the President's recent call, are to "serve to establish the ideals of democracy and the broader conceptions of national life."

I. L. KANDEL.

Jump-to-Glory

A revelation came on Jane,
The widow of a neighboring swain:
And first her body trembled sharp,
Then all the woman was a harp
With winds along the strings; she heard,
Though there was neither tone nor word.

Jump-To-Glory Jane. George Meredith.

I

Chicago avenue was black with crowds from the "wickedest city in the world" going to hear Billy Sunday. New-built, low-roofed, smelling of pine, the interior of the Tabernacle was like a glorified barn. However hallowed for other visitors by divine presence, it was hallowed for me also by the presence of that nameless American demi-god of mere unpretentious popular delight who shambles forth in cosmic guise at our large political conventions, a demi-god whom I first caught sight of in childhood in the shadowed recesses of magic-lantern shows in barns.

Soprano, contralto and tenor and bass. When you heard them you could believe the chorus that faced us was two thousand voices.

Come thou Almighty King!
Help us thy praise to sing!
Help us to pray!

(About how many are here? Oh, it seats twelve thousand. Yes, all the seats seem to be taken, don't they?)

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain!
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in his train?

Yes, you could believe there were twelve thousand people singing—the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, millionaire and firemarshals, and a clever Latin teacher I know, and a corporation lawyer, and a member of our former Consumers' League board, and an alert stenographer. (She was the best singer. She was with the choir).

Like a hard-chinned base-ball player, like an able chairman, Billy Sunday sat on the platform: he introduced his business associates, the competent-looking young women, the competent-looking young men: he made a few jokes: he thanked the city departments: and then, not suddenly, but gradually, Billy Sunday the able chairman, the efficient business man turned before our eyes into a human megaphone of civic mercy and common sense.

He made a funnel of his hands and howled against the kind of citizen who does not register. He talked about dance-halls and cabarets, and the illegitimate children born after their young mothers had been befuddled by the squalid license of these dance-halls and cabarets. He said to twelve thousand spell-bound persons all kinds of things, concerning which chairmen of the investigating committee of meliorative organizations ordinarily address meetings of from ten to forty of the faithful. He was shocking. But so is the truth about Chicago, shocking. He was sensational. So is life in all the bullying license of Chicago towards the helpless, sensational. He described drunkenness, and the nausea and the flabby sickening violence of drunkenness, and its inertia and uncontrol. It was a loathsome description. For mere brutal, classic reality and honesty it was worth ninety such romantic and conventional pieces as "toss high the bowl of Samian wine." No newspaper I saw printed the description in full. Billy Sunday's description of drunkenness had more poetry too, than Byron's has in general on this topic, in the way in which the Pilgrim's Progress has more poetry than Manfred, or more of what I call poetry—more headlong, concentrated truth expressed with passionate imagination.

Then he changed from being either an efficient business-man, or a megaphone of civic honesty; and a demon took possession of him, and he screamed at us, and waved his arms, as he described the nature and creative passion of the Holy Spirit. He regarded the work and force of the Comforter, not as passive but active. "The Holy Spirit is a microscope that magnifies one drop of the blood of Jesus to an ocean."

He swung a chair over his head in an imagined attack upon the enemies of God. He wallowed on the platform in the character of the German Emperor spurned by the hosts of the righteous. He identified less crudely other instances of the absence of the Holy Spirit—the negative stupidities and feeblenesses of our American world. He had heard magnificent male voices throughout our land sing "Throw Out the Life-Line!" "And I found all they meant to throw out was a clothes-line."

He closed with that old, wild story about the revolting monk, who turned against the insincerities of the "organization" of the monastery, and was buried alive for his rebellion, the shovelfuls of

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earth weighing him down in the pit, as his enemies ringed about him, taunted him and asked him to recant; and who whispered as the final clods silenced his lips. "I shall live with God to all eternity."

You sat lost in the old wonder of that significant legend of horror and beauty, till Billy Sunday screamed the prolonged word echoing into the yellow recesses of the myriad-peopled barn, "Ete-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ernity!" — screamed it till some screw of tightened nerves seemed to drill its grinding way into the middle of your head, as it does, when you taste the coldest kind of ice cream.

II

Grotesque, bizarre, sensational, frantic, gross and grandiose, the life of Chicago is not to be expressed without some element of these jarring qualities. Idle to pretend that Billy Sunday does not sometimes "get on peoples' nerves." What if he does? One of our most penetrating international critics, Mr. H. G. Wells, has said in Boon, that the United States is full of a species of vulgar refinement. It is this species of refinement that Billy Sunday defies. Innumerable are the grotesque who have been inspired, spiritual leaders—Socrates with his gargoyle profile, and his rough jokes, and harsh, exuberant Martin Luther, Bunyan, Knox with his fanatical, coarse blasts upon the trumpet against The Monstrous Regiment of Women.

Violent and crass, without concern for delicate arts of persuasion and conviction, so we must conclude all these interpreters appeared to their contemporaries. With this, some of them, at least had a Protean adroitness, a comic talent, not unlike Sunday's. If not the mental peer of any of these men, he is clearly of that amazing company who disregard themselves excepting as the instruments of an unseen power. When he wallows on the floor, as the German emperor, he may not convince you of the lowness of the Hohenzollerns, he convinces you that there is too much of the Hohenzollern stupidity in most of us, convinces you of the littleness, the smugness and self-reference, the thin-headed craze to appear sophisticated, the cheap confinement of most people's ideas of their personal value in life.

We all know how persons of today, especially persons who think of themselves as very bold and free in their æstheticism, regard the Mænads and Bacchantes. Conceived of as distinctly elegant and even rather exquisite young women, they are exceedingly admired and approved by the sort of person to whom Mrs. Carrie Nation is anathema. But those who occupy themselves with the behests of divinity are not wont to concern themselves with the elegancies so dear to bourgeois standards. It seems more natural to suppose that those who tracked through star-proof trees the tempest of the Thyiades, really did not care much more than the inspired Mrs. Nation did whether or not they appeared refined. Indeed, according to Lemprière, the contemporary comment on these vehicles of divine frenzy was very much like current remark on Mrs. Nation and on Billy Sunday. They were considered excessive and violent—too much given over to their instinct for the sensational.

With all reverence for the varieties of religious experience be it said, that for me the generous God worshiped by Billy Sunday appeared a spirit very different from the master-soul of biblical portrayal, the Jehovah who devised the torture of his own son on a cross to appease him for the injuries his dignity had received from other persons. It would be untruthful to pretend that Billy Sunday's departure from this conception of Jehovah could reconcile me even in the distance to his biblical faith, which is not mine; or dispel my belief that the bible's deification of divine jealousy and suspicion is one of the most darkening and trivializing of our traditional superstitions.

But one need not share a belief to admire the spiritual gesture with which it is accepted. To see Billy Sunday ranting and falling down in the Lake Shore Tabernacle was like seeing something Sibylline. It startled and waylaid the imagination beyond the question of creed. If one could only oneself be a hundredth as good as a human being, as valiant a traveller as that, along those few roads of the beauty and certitude of faith that one has learned to see for oneself with clarity!

It is a thought that might well, might profitably doubtless have left one sad: but I could not be sad on walking out of that pleasant mellow-lighted Tabernacle, as myriad-singing voices ended their song. The air of the rejoicing that had permeated the meeting was over everything—not the rejoicing of a determined, purblind optimism, blinking at the meanness in the city, nor yet the mere pleasure imparted by the demi-god of jubilee, but the free grace of infinite hope for all created things, the immortal fresh and humble happiness that Matthew Arnold says is the essential genius of Christianity, the buoyant tone of "Lift up your heads oh ye gates!"

Where is the spirit of supreme delight? Nobody will ever know perhaps. In the good-nature of cathedral gargoyles. In the wild music Jump-To-Glory Jane heard, where there was neither tone nor word. In Androcles' second meeting with the lion. In the gesture of faith familiar and happy beyond all poor privileges and prides.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

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To a Slacker

ON what just ground, you ask indignantly, do I call you slacker? Do I not know that you were absolutely sincere when, in those opening days of the war, you execrated so vehemently the graying hair, the stiffness of muscle, the heart flutter that had once perturbed your friends, but had never darkened your own resolute brow? Most men of your age have wished twenty years off their calendar at a time when the spring breaks, and the air throbs with music and the subtly disquieting laughter of women that keeps the world young while we grow old. Not you. Your passion was for the forms of the mind that put no premium on youth, but draw nearer as the shadows deepen. This was indeed your whole passion until the stir of war fell upon the land and bugle called to bugle from the hillsides to the deep valleys and the marching of young men beat out a rhythm that made one's muscles quiver and one's heart beat fast. The urge of war was in your blood, pulsating with the obscure memories of a thousand ancestral generations of men who had known the bitterness and exultation of desperate conflict. But your life had fallen between the crests of affairs. When the great day came you were destined to find yourself worth less for war than the tonnage required to carry you overseas. It was your lot to remain in the professorial chair, expounding the eternal verities to the women, the inoffensive enemy aliens, the men rejected by the Service. Toothless you felt, but a lion nevertheless. And that is your excuse, if there were indeed an excuse for slacking.

You are a man of spirit and bridle up at this accusation. "What am I leaving undone," you demand, "that I could do? There is no place for me in any military organization. If I were chemist or physicist or statistician I could serve my country in its civil arm, not less important than the military, however inferior in glory. But I am a philosopher, trained to mobilize only ideas; I am a teacher, and I teach, not indeed to so great an extent the type of young, clear eyed restless youth I taught in time of peace, but yet individuals who can in one way or another be made better units in the organic society for which our young men are spilling their blood. After all, those who remain behind are the great majority. And do they not need the light of philosophy as in time of peace?"

They do indeed, and even more than in time of peace. This points my indictment. Are you in fact letting the light of your philosophy shine, to illumine the dark places, never before so dark? Or have you sunk into morose, infertile brooding, thinking not by the will to think, but spasmodically, accidentally; teaching not with fire, but perfunctorily, with more of an eye to keeping your own record clear than to keeping your students' souls alive? In the world conflict of ideas of which the battle lines in western Europe are only the visible embodiment, are you taking the post of leadership to which your trained abilities call you, or are you dawdling behind the front in a bomb-proof sinecure?

"My trained abilities," you repeat scornfully, mustering in quick imagination the long trench-scars in the French and Flemish landscapes, where the trained abilities in young men's souls and muscles hold back the enemy avalanche. "My trained abilities!" Your imagination flits quickly from shop to shop where quiet men in offices design instruments of attack to be executed in steel under crashing presses and the deafening jangle of gigantic hammers. "My trained abilities! Please tell me what they are."

Your modesty wrongs you. If yours were indeed one of those little, glistening minds that dazzle the undiscriminating with reflected light, I should not now be levelling bitter reproaches against you. But I have seen your mind triumphing, not cheaply over laymen like myself, but over your peers in fair combat. I have watched you narrowly, as you deftly resolved what appeared inextricable tangles of real life. I have seen the fever and pain of acute loss transformed under your hand into the severe beauty of living tragedy. Yours were services of the kind the world cannot do without in time of peace. Do you suppose they are dispensable in time of war?

Now if ever the world needs philosophy. There are millions of men and women who have sacrificed to the common cause what is dearer to them than their own lives. Some have taken their losses in mute resignation, but there are multitudes living in a common current of tortured reflection. At moments their souls fill with execrations and dreams of revenge, but revenge is a feeble solace to modern man for overwhelming loss. More and more men's minds turn to the cause itself; it must be worthy, to justify such costs; if it is in fact contaminated with ignoble purposes, it must be purified. The civilization for which our sons are dying must be a noble civilization; if it is stained with brutalities and injustices, it must be made clean. For those who have suffered the losses of this war, if they are not altogether numbed with despair, there is a vital need to see a better world under the ambiguous world of daily experience, to build a better world out of the mixture of right and wrong that made up the old world of the time of peace. Nobody knows better than you do how imperative this need of melioration must be for those who have paid. You know better than any-

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one else the agony of souls groping toward light. What are you doing to illuminate the way to a better world? Nothing.

Nobody knows better than you that in the affairs of men nothing lovely or noble ever comes by blind chance, out of the mechanical balancing of brute forces. That we have anything in the world worth living for and dying for we owe to the brave wills of men who have gone before. Nobody knows better than you that we hold not in perpetual tenure, but by knights' service the benefits of an order of life in which most men may live in freedom and security against outrage. The forces unloosed by war have tremendous potency: what guaranty have we that they will not sweep away the barriers against universal violence erected by the old builders of civilization? We have no guaranty but the valiant efforts of men who are trained to see and resolute to act. You are of the number upon whom we must depend, but what are you doing? Nothing.

A man does not do even nothing except under color of a moral reason. I know the reason you will advance. Philosophy occupies itself not with current exigencies, but with the things that are eternal. Let the politicians determine the aims for which men must die; rebuild the shattered world to their hearts' desire; bind liberty here, accord license there, as may suit their whim. Let the philosopher confine himself to his systems that know not the Great War, construct his formulae, adjust his mechanisms, until perchance a rude soldier bursts in upon his speculations with the murderous reality of the sword. So Archimedes lived and died, to win the admiration of endless generations of the learned.

But this is precisely equivalent to slacking in a bomb proof employment. It was not Aristotle nor Plato, not Hume nor Kant nor Hegel, but life itself that set the problem of philosophy. So you yourself have clearly seen, and have brilliantly taught. But now when life thrusts forward new problems, the most formidable problems of history, what do you do? You immerse yourself in the old problems that could safely grow older, and leave it to men with inferior minds and inferior equipment to make the necessary adjustments of thought to a changing reality. The responsibility that devolves upon you, you repudiate, that you may take your ease in the familiar and enjoy the security of the uncontentious.

You have your precedents. When in the history of the world have the recognized guardians of philosophy taken seriously their responsibility to the current problems of life? In one epoch or another the great man, like Socrates, has arisen, to meet life face to face, to shape his thinking upon current need. But how rare the epochs of philosophic responsibility, and how long the intervals in which the schools have led a life apart, tranquil and unhonored of the mass of men for whom they have had no concern, whom they have not served.

It is this irresponsibility and consequent futility, not depth of thought nor difficulty of comprehension, that has made of the term "academic" a reproach. This, men of narrower grasp than yours may dispute, but you can not. And yet you now take refuge in academic irresponsibility, proclaiming by your acts that the Tusculan Disputations, though feeble, are of all time, while the interchange of formulae of world statecraft across the battle lines is merely of the day; that Plato's petty Republic is eternal, while the World League is fit only for the contemplation of the daily leader writer. Be it so. We lose, for you could have brought light where we must strain our eyes in darkness. But you pay; for how fares your old self, brave, inspiring, underneath your present mask, morose, captious, furrowed with envy of those who live to act? The common slacker, hiding from the draft in a grim, mouldy cellar will in the end put off his gray pallor in the light of day. But where is the wind that will sweep your eyes clear of the clinging cobwebs of futility; where is the sun that will burn the ashes of negation from your face?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wisconsin is Loyal

SIR: In view of the nation-wide publicity given to an incident which occurred in Madison on April 6th, I ask your aid in correcting an unjust misrepresentation of the facts. At a large civic gathering following a patriotic procession, one of the speakers was Professor McElroy, representing the National Security League. That gentleman has seen fit to disseminate the news that Wisconsin as a state is disloyal, and the University of Wisconsin as an institution more conspicuously so; he has carried this information eastward and insisted upon the correctness of his statement when challenged. The entire basis of his charge seems to be the chilly reception of his long and irrelevant address in Madison, and the attitude he imbibed from a prejudiced and not notably discreet fellow-speaker from the same platform. The incident, admittedly regrettable, was nothing more than the clicking of their guns on the part of some members of the University student battalion, as an indication that their patience was near the point of protest.

Professor McElroy has seen fit in his capacity as historian to omit all mention of the facts of the case. His audience was composed largely of towns-people, members of the faculty and students of the University, who had been marching in a cold rain for miles. They were drenched to the skin, were chilled and uncomfortable. They listened with attention and enthusiasm to such of the speakers as

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expressed in manner and message the spirit of devotion to our great cause. If the speakers and managers of this occasion had exhibited ordinary good sense, they would have reduced the programme to the briefest of addresses, and in view of the circumstances would have dismissed the assembly promptly and with the advantage of a concentrated patriotic effort. In view of the most injudicious (to put it mildly) remarks made by some of the speakers, and of the state of the audience, the restlessness, though unfortunate, was fairly intelligible.

I speak as one of the drenched marchers, though not one of the listeners, as prudence suggested a prompt change of clothes. The University Clinic reports that on the Monday following this adventure, instead of about fifty cases of illness, which would be the normal expectation, there were about three hundred cases of grippe and similar ailments traceable to exposure among those who were not free to leave the hall—a privilege freely exercised by civilian members of the audience.

The mountain of abuse following this mole-hill of fact has a serious aspect. It has served to fasten a stigma on a state and an institution which is wholly undeserved. It is not easy to give like publicity to the irresponsible and prejudiced nature of the slander, for the especial reason that the political situation in Wisconsin has been complicated by a recent agitation, and by the fact that the attitude of its senior Senator has been repudiated by representative bodies all over the state. The record of the state and of the University is so abundantly eloquent in all manner of essential patriotic service that it is needless to take your space to cite it.

Naturally, Professor McElroy's amazing performance has aroused protest. Chief Justice Winslow has written an able statement of the facts and demanded in no uncertain voice that these vilifications of Wisconsin shall cease. Others have replied in like strain. Governor Phillipp, speaking to a large University audience, said: "I am tired and you no doubt are tired of having this institution, its faculty and its students accused of being disloyal by a lot of carpet baggers who come here to unravel their shrivelled-up, kiln-dried oratory that never could reach a human heart, and complain because their efforts are not enthusiastically received, and would have the country understand that this institution is disloyal. It is a type of impudence that is indulged in by a class of self-asserted patriots, who are the greatest menace to the country today, because they discourage what the country needs above all things in this crisis, and that is the hearty cooperation of all the people in support of the war." Governors have a freedom of expression which professors envy.

Every reasonable person must know that the state of opinion in Wisconsin is very much the same as in any other state. The allowance to be made for a larger German-American population is conceded. It does not change the essential and enthusiastic support of the war by the vast representative majorities. Nobody conversant with the facts would question the loyalty of Wisconsin; and nobody who knows the temper of our melting-pot would credit the report. But it is natural that political evidence should favor suspicion. Your own analysis of the Wisconsin situation is correct. You say: "But the contest between the two parties for eminence in abstract and empty loyalty was a bar to any propaganda which would have availed to convert doubtful voters. On the contrary it justified and necessitated the treatment of every doubter or suspect as a traitor, and in the alienation of many of the President's supporters. The large Berger vote in Wisconsin, like the large Hillquit vote in New York, was in no small measure brought about by driving voters who might have been persuaded into supporting a war, subordinated to democratic purposes, into unnecessary opposition." To interpret the Wisconsin vote without reference to this fact is rashly to construe a limited political preference into a disloyal act.

In this statement you have touched upon the matter of most vital consequence, and that is the responsibility both for actual failure of loyalty and for the unjust accusations. For there is a responsibility for the aggravation, if not for the fact. In Professor McElroy's case it is simple. It is up to the officers of the organization responsible for his appearance, to offer their apologies and give their tactless representative the privilege of a well earned, kindly and dignified privacy. But for our Governor's charge, which is true in every letter, that unwise patriotic fervor "is the greatest menace to the country today," there is no such ready remedy. If in Wisconsin or any other state loyalty is less universal than it should be, it is because sober and responsible patriots have had to give way to the insistence of violent and unwise patrioteers. The press is notably responsible; Councils of Defense are responsible; wild public speaking is responsible; managers of political campaigns are responsible, for these are the actual powers that prevail. Fortunately this too confident assertion of the superiority of their own brand of loyalty, like the arrogant Prussian high-handedness upon which it is modeled, has overreached itself and brought down upon its none too innocent and often malicious head the worthy rebuke of worthy men. It is always a difficult task for a free and easy democracy to place the proper men in responsible positions; it is a peculiarly important matter in times of war that there should be few mistakes. The greatest obstacle to a worthier, more tolerant and responsible patriotism, is the disturbing noisiness and at times the authoritative voice of a patriotism sincere in its limitation, but lacking depth and poise.

So much of confession should not interfere with the central purpose of this communication, which is to set aright the absurd misrepresentation of the incident of April 6th, and to assure those who are interested that the loyalty of Wisconsin is quite like that of their own state—an assurance many will accept as unnecessary.

Madison, Wisconsin JOSEPH JASTROW.

"Away, You Selfish Thoughts!"

SIR: Here is a translation of a letter written by a Slovenian, after he had had the opportunity of honorable discharge from the army as an enemy alien. He is a common workman, and has only an elementary education:

> . . . I received the civil clothes sent me from Cleveland, and at the same time a thought occurred to me, which never left me—that I should feel ashamed to leave the army and go back to civil life. Indeed, how I love my young, healthy life; how I long to be free again, going on my own ways without hearing the command of another. But alas, am I justified to think of my own liberty and happy life, when the moment is here that calls on every young man to bring liberty to others? Away, you selfish thoughts! On into the battle! I am a Slovene myself, and my fathers and grandfathers never had any opportunity to fight for liberty. Indeed, they fought

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for hundreds of years under the command of the Hapsburgs to continue slavery and tyranny. . . Goodbye, my beloved young life, I shall not return to my happy home until the day has come when I can proudly see the liberated Jugoslavia in a liberated world. Then I shall return, conscious that I have done my bit. If I shall perish—I am afraid I will—let it be so; the only thing I am sorry about is that I don't possess hundreds of lives, giving them all for liberty.

Dear brother, the suit of clothes you sent me I sold today to a man for thirty dollars, who thinks less than I do.

Out of two hundred Slovenians from Cleveland eligible for discharge only twelve accepted, and this letter is typical of the spirit expressed by a great number of our unappreciated foreigners.

H. A. MILLER.

Oberlin, Ohio.

A Useful Foreign Language Press

SIR: The foreign language press should not be suppressed. The German language press has been under suspicion since the outbreak of the war and war measures for restraint may perhaps wisely be used against papers in this language. But many of the foreign language newspapers are not printed in German. We shall arouse indignant protest and bad feeling, and perhaps more than these will follow, if the U. S. Chamber of Commerce carries out its wish to abolish the foreign language newspapers. Why be hot and stupid when the times demand coolness and wisdom? The foreign language press as a whole is loyal to the interests of America. Through it, we may reach the thousands of people whom we have so neglected in our zeal for material progress that, today, they can not read English. These people need to know the truth about this country and its aims and ideals. The editors of the papers are glad to cooperate with the people who bring them ideas. Many of the foreign language papers have been, it is true, little more than the mouthpieces of local societies, lodges and other associations. Little constructive editorial writing has appeared in them. But they are ready to our hand for the instruction and guidance of our non-English readers.

In Newark, New Jersey, nine foreign language newspapers are widely read. In the past year, the Newark Library, in advertising its storehouse of free learning and in making friends with "foreigners" has had the help of these papers. They have printed for the library nine articles on various subjects: the care of children; the useful knowledge and pleasure to be found in books; how to borrow books from the library; lists of books interesting to the foreign born person and invitations to the library's foreign branch. Reprints have been made by the papers and distributed at the library. In this way, through letters and personal visits, at first, the editors became convinced that the library was their friend and could help them.

The ambition voiced by the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers is a high one: "To help preserve the ideals and sacred traditions of this, our adopted country, the United States of America: To revere its laws and inspire others to respect and obey them: To strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty: In all ways to aid in making this country greater and better than we found it."

Surely, it is wiser to seek the help and cooperation of these papers and, through them, to establish good will and friendliness with their readers than it is to stamp them out and thus stir up strife and anger in our midst!

DELLA R. PRESCOTT.

Free Public Library,
Newark, New Jersey.

From a Soldier In France

SIR: My wife, in apprising me that she was having the New Republic forwarded to me over here, mentioned the fact that many people thought it singular that one in the army could be interested in so "pacifist" a publication. The fact is, of course, that every reasoning soldier is both a pacifist and a conscientious objector—which is why he *is* a soldier, and why he will continue to be one until this dirty business of war is thoroughly finished.

The first number just reached me, and I have to write somebody about it. Norman Hapgood's letter (January 26th issue) particularly interested me. There is a real danger that in getting "all out" as the British say, we'll forget precisely what we're getting all out for. A soldier, toting a 100 kilo pack and cleaning harness, tends to get cynical and bored about "making the world safe for democracy" and all that. He wants to clean up the Boche and get home—I censor his letters, and I know.

The gilt chips off the glamor of soldiering pretty quick over here. Mail call and the quality of the mess become of deeper interest than the future of the world or who wears the crown of Courland. It is therefore good to know that there are people who are thinking about the end and purpose of it all.

Consciously or not, we *are* here to fight for democracy even if we make ribald remarks when you mention it. But, frankly, we don't give much of a damn for the future of the Balkans, or trade routes to Kamchatka; and while "bringing the Kaiser to his knees" is a sonorous phrase, it is, to many of us at least, neither specific enough, nor satisfying if it were—for when poor old deluded Wilhelm has agreed to everything and bit the dust according to Teutophobe formula, there still remains the German people to dispose of and a world future concerning which, alas, too few people have tangible ideas.

Keep it up. If the present squabble is to be settled with anything like permanence, it has got to be settled on something more than battlefields and obsolete formulae of crowns, boundaries and treaties.

HOWARD V. O'BRIEN.

1st Lt., F. A. R. C.
A. E. F., France.

A Mothers' Strike?

SIR: Did the author of the article on Feminine Achievement in the last number of your magazine believe for a minute that the majority of married women live in idleness? He said the trend of the day is for women to "prefer work to marriage." It is to avoid the kind of life I lead that college women refuse even the thought of marriage! Before I was married I had a position which claimed twelve hours a *week* at the university. Now that I am the wife of a Professor and the mother of three children I am lucky if I get off with twelve hours a *day*. People don't seem to realize that there has been a "mothers' strike" in progress for some years and that there is just cause for it.

L. N.

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VERSE

Barn Fire!

Barns burn up on windy nights.
Someone forgets the lantern
In the stall, or the draught
Catches the sparks from a pipe.
We put our corncobs aside
When we go to water—
Just inside the door on
The joisting—brush aside the
Hay dust with our thumbs
And keep that place for the pipe,
But we stick it back
Between our teeth before
We slide the door again.
We do not see the sparks that fly.
We close the door and latch it tight—
The fire has a good start.

Then the warm glow
On the skyline;
The drowsy farm hands stir,
Sit bolt upright with
The fire fear in their eyes.
Roosters crow, tumbling from
Their roosts to announce the false dawn.
Then come the sound of men's feet
Hurrying down the country road,
Lumbering, heavy-footed farm horses,
With blankets roped about their backs
And the wind through their manes,
Are silhouetted along the stone wall,
Animated wooden hobby horses.

We run to the doors to sweep our eyes
Around the circle to find
The red hot spot
With the sparks shooting
Into the night,
And we say
"That must be William's house,
Or Craig's barn, or the school house
Or the wagon shop—"
But our guess of a mile
Is always three.
Up and down across the hills
We guess as we go
A hay-barn by the way
The sparks fly,
And haying time just over,
And hay selling for
Thirty dollars a ton.

It is strange how an old barn
That no one pays any attention to
For fifty years, except to patch
The roof and stuff hay into it—
A dead shell with a cow stall or two,
And a bed for the old horses,
Can scorch itself into the night,
So that every living thing
Stirs and wakes and turns
Its wide eyes.

A flaming black hulk
There on its little hill,
With the red life through its roof
And its doors and its windows:
Crushing, expanding, tearing —
Whirling the dead hulk into
A chaos of energy; conscious
Of its mighty moment—
Radiant from a coal lit by
The first torch.

The little gray barn
That nobody noticed
Making men run
And curse,
And pray
And wonder
About the hand
Of the Lord God.

"Who said His name?"
Stammered a little bowlegged man
In a white cotton shirt
At my elbow:
"There ain't any—
There ain't any God,"
He spat, his throat dry
With the blasphemy.
I knew him—
Jared Turnbull—
He owned the barn.
He'd lost his wife from the typhoid
In the well the year before.
And now he stood there with
The rest of us—looking on.

When he had gone,
Muttering the damned words
Over and over to keep the taste
Of something sweet from slipping
From his tongue, the old woman
In the horse blanket leaned
To my shoulder:
"He's beside himself,"
She said. "It'll be more than
A year before he understands—"
And then from her cupped hand—
"Some folks say he won't never—
Maybe he's committed the Unforgivable."

Relayed from the creaking well chains
Came the cry: "The well's gone dry."
The white horse tied to the cherry tree
Neighed through an old throat—
Much too old, querulous, despondent
Of men and things.

Such voices ought to be silenced—
They commit a mischief.

Then the roof fell in.
The unseen hand of gravity
Reached up, releasing what was left
Of the red flame in the rotten timbers.
And at that last power men stood dumb,
With the old futile awe upon their faces.

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So the consuming flame
Brought out those country faces,
Set them like a magic lantern show
Against the black curtain of the night—
Man and woman of New England.

The hollow cheeks—
Toothless, or with projecting rims
Of cheap dental parlors—
Eyes blanked by the township line—
Shoulders pulled by a one horse plow.

The tag end of the tag end
Of the strong that went
East and West when the patient,
Long suffering New England hills
Began to spume poverty.

And I thought of my old portraits
Of Connecticut men and women,
Those who first fenced these meadows
And reared the timbers of that barn,
And built the Baptist Church. . . .

On the way home
The county attorney
Asked for a lift.
"Not a cent of insurance—
A shiftless lot";
He condemned with the
Straight arrow of Youth.

"They work so hard," I said
"Night and morning, they are at it,
Faithful to the last strength."

He said, "Their fields are old women
No man can breed with them."

I said, "We are no better,
We do not speak out—
We do not tell the truth
About New England;
We love it beyond stark eyes."

But he went back to the circle:
"A shiftless lot —
But I like them for jurymen—
Always choose them when
The case is one of j-u-s-t-i-c-e!
They'll give a man his due—
Lean over backward to do it—
They can get their teeth
Into a man's rights,
Just a plain statement of the facts—
No oratory of New York lawyers
Can fool them when somebody
Is trying to take something
Away from somebody that
He ought not to have."

I'm glad that I picked up
The attorney on the way home
From Turnbull's fire.

ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON.

The Honey Seller

Through a street that once I lived in
You used pass, a honey-seller;
And the town wherein that street was
Was the shabbiest of all places:
You were different from the others
Who went by to barter meanly:
Different from the man with colored
Windmills for the children's pennies;
Different from the drab purveyor
With her paper-screens to fill up
Chill and empty fireplaces.
You went by, a man upstanding,
On your head a wide dish, holding
Dark and golden lumps of honey;
You went slowly, like an old horse
That's not driven any longer,
But that likes to take an amble.
No one ever bought your honey,
No one ever paid a penny
For a single comb of sweetness;
Every house was grim unto you
With foregone desire of eating
Bread whose taste had sweet of honey.
Yet you went, a man contented
's though you had a King to call on,
Who would take you to his parlor
And buy all your stock of honey:
You went by, and in a sounding
Voice just like the bell of evening
Told us of the goods you carried,
Told us of the dark and golden
Treasure dripping on your wide dish.

You went by and no one named you!

PADRAIC COLUM.

Architecture

Make of your lips
a hard straight line;
parallel with them
your eyes;
make of your cheeks and chin
two strict right angles,
and of your ears and nose
two more;
have the part in your hair
diameter your head,
forehead, nose, lips and chin;
stick your arms
to your thorax and thighs;

Have your legs move,
since move they must,
in imperceptible perpendiculars,
like hidden two-four pendulums;

And some day,
so dignified a structure
will be hailed,
Burgomaster!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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At the Capitol

How the Senate Hurries

SOMEBODY hurt Mr. McCumber's feelings by mailing him and other members of Congress a postcard bearing the last public words of Joseph H. Choate, "For God's sake, hurry up!" A week ago Friday the Senator began the morning session with a speech to show that Congress had speedily done everything asked of it, that the only delay was in executive departments. At that time two highly important measures were pending: the Overman bill and the Swanson bill appropriating $60,000,000 for housing at munitions plants and in Washington. At the present writing, ten days later, the Overman bill has only just been passed, and the Housing bill has not come to a vote. A good deal of discussion was reasonably to be expected on the Overman bill, but almost every one concedes the immediate necessity for the Housing appropriation. It would have been belated three months ago.

The Senate did not convene on the Saturday following Mr. McCumber's defense; but by agreement the Housing bill was to come up on Monday morning. During the opening routine, however, Mr. Poindexter secured the floor for a long speech on the Mooney case. This, with interruptions, followed by an irrelevant resolution from Mr. Brandegee, consumed the morning session. Then Mr. Overman properly insisted on taking up his own bill. "I made the motion for an adjournment on Friday so that the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Swanson] could bring up his bill in the morning hour today, but, of course, the morning hour was taken up with speeches."

What was the speech for the sake of which Mr. Poindexter assumed the responsibility of delaying war preparations? It was an inadequate and prejudiced account of the Mooney case. It attacked organized labor. It censured the President for his letter to the governor of California. It opposed a new trial, careless of the fact that large numbers of people at home and abroad are not satisfied, in view of new evidence, that justice has been done. It was full of time-filling sentences like the following: "H. Rider Haggard says that an ancient civilization once flourished in the heart of Africa and left vast monuments as proof of its power and science, but that it has disappeared so completely that no man knows whence it came and whither it went; and he remarks that our civilization, so far from being permanent, hangs upon such delicate balances that their dislocation might easily destroy it and utterly blot it from the face of the earth." It ended with a petition to the government "to strike dead as though with the thunderbolts of Jove every traitor who seeks to cut off supplies from our armies in the field." Who in the United States was at that moment doing the most to hinder the movement of supplies to our armies in the field? Perhaps Mr. Poindexter was fortunate that the thunderbolts of Jove are not yet in the armory of the White House.

The longest speech of the week, occupying the better part of two days, was that of Senator Sherman in opposition to the Overman bill. The first day's instalment set forth a number of undesirable imaginary actions which the President might take under the power conferred by the bill, and it sandwiched between these bogies a little poetry and a statement that the President already has the power which the bill is intended to convey. The second day brought a Philippic against the administration, and an argument against giving it any more power on the ground that the President is too susceptible to radicalism. Mr. Sherman in his own vague way strung on the same thread, Mooney, the I. W. W., Trotzky, Secretary Baker, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Burleson, Louis Post of the Department of Labor, the Public, Frederic C. Howe, John H. Walker of the President's Mediation Commission and of the Illinois Federation of Labor; Frank P. Walsh, Carl Vrooman of the Department of Agriculture, Roger W. Babson, Townley of the Nonpartisan League, George Creel, former Congressman William Kent of California and others: all of them traitors, all socialists, and all advisers of the President, each with his own degree of infamy, which Mr. Sherman was at pains to specify in detail. "What I want him to do is to scatter this bunch of economic fakirs and howling dervishes that he has around him now—firebrands and pestilential fiends of sedition themselves." For two men Mr. Sherman had a good word—Samuel Gompers and Billy Sunday. Gompers he praised because of his hostile attitude towards the British Labor party; Mr. Gompers's speech denouncing the Russian radicals was, according to the Senator, "in refreshing contrast" to the President's message of sympathy to the soviets. "Sunday," said Mr. Sherman, "is the greatest ally of good government in the United States." "If there is anything needed in this country now it is a return in the pulpit to preaching to the people the consequences that attend misbehavior in this world and 100 per cent sulphuric hell fire." All this may seem a long cry from the war business before the Senate, but undoubtedly it interested the President to know that the presence of Billy Sunday in the Cabinet might have secured Mr. Sherman's vote for the Overman bill.

No one has yet accused the President of radicalism, however, in the appointments of Mr. Schwab and Mr. Ryan. Mr. Schwab may turn out to be suspect on account of his recent remarks about labor, but all the Shermans, Gallingers and McCumbers are happy about the choice of Mr. Ryan, and many of them have said so. Mr. Wadsworth, immediately after Mr. Ryan's appointment, introduced an amendment to the Overman bill authorizing the President to turn over to the aircraft executive complete control over contracts and appropriations, and it was passed without contest. It is to be hoped that if the President avails himself of this opportunity to unify control over airplane production, Mr. Ryan will do nothing to upset the labor policy of the War Department which has quieted the troubles in the northwestern woods. Some of Mr. Ryan's companies have been stubbornly opposed to organized labor, and the legislators who greet him enthusiastically are the ones who are most intolerant towards any concessions to the workers. Yet Colonel Disque's success in Oregon is due to the fact that he organized the dissatisfied lumbermen, met them, and granted the hours and conditions of work for which they had been striking, and which the employers had for the most part refused. Mr. Ryan is undoubtedly an able executive, but if his selection causes uneasiness and suspicion among the workmen in the woods and the mines, and if that suspicion is stirred to action by provocative measures on his part, his ability will count for little. In that unhappy event, the reactionary critics of the administration would have an opportunity to compare the sort of efficiency for which they have been pleading with the efficiency which includes a little social vision.

G. S.

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Books and Things

IT is a common opinion that undertakers, despite the age of their profession, despite the precedents and traditions handed down by the old masters, have not acquired a capital of tact great enough to support every living undertaker without effort. I grant you, says their adverse critic, that to express an oblique sympathy is not the easiest thing in the world. I am willing to make allowance for the difficulty of disguising, week after week, the momentum of routine. For the life of me I could not hide, if I were in their plight, the fact that sidelong condolence was my habit and my trade. Nevertheless, when all these allowances are made, it remains true that your average undertaker obtrudes the technique of soothing. His good will is manifest, too manifest.

All of which may be true. In my chivalrous youth there was a time when I held a brief for undertakers, when I was fond of pointing out that to ask them to be free from automatic hush and deference was to expect too much of human nature, that any undertaker who strove to meet every occasion with a fresh technique would soon succumb to fatigue. This gallant attitude of mine did not survive its first contact with reality. From the day I visited an undertaker, in the company of a bereaved friend, my heart was hardened. Unreasonably, I now think, and perhaps unaccountably, for all the undertaker said was this: "Do you want I should shave grandfather?" Ever since then I have belonged to the party which demands a school for undertakers, with a psychologist at its head.

Yet people have been known to maintain, not without a show of right on their side, that editors are quite as acutely in need of training in manners. I once knew an editor who would keep a manuscript three or four months and then say he could not print it, nothwithstanding merits in admiration of which he yielded to nobody in particular, because the lapse of time had made it untimely. Another letter of rejection, which these eyes have seen, informed the author that her article was extraordinary, marvelous, wonderful, so much all these things that it had almost got by the editor and into his magazine, that at the last moment the editor had been saved by his high sense of duty to his readers. The tone of his letter implied that its writer thanked God for delivering him from great danger narrowly escaped. Worst of all, perhaps, was the crime committed by an extravagant procrastinator, subject to fits of remorse. Finding one day, in a drawer of his desk, a manuscript seventeen months old he accepted and printed it, though he knew it was as much out of place in his magazine as a page of the Churchman would be in the Police Gazette. The deceived author sent him manuscripts thereafter, one every three months or so for nearly five years, and got all of them back, promptly and unread.

Indeed, of all the editors I have had anything to do with, the only one flawless in his dealings with contributors was Mr. Owen Seaman of Punch. He was prompt, courteous, frank, easy. He never wounded sensitive newcomers, yet he never seemed at all preoccupied with a desire not to disappoint them. His letters were as credible when he said he liked a rejected manuscript as when he accepted one he told you he didn't much care for. Such changes as he made in your text left you wishing you had thought of them yourself.

Contributors, I suppose, are always reasonable where editors are faultless, but so long as no school of manners exists the number of perfect editors must remain small and the number of unreasonable contributors correspondingly large. Many submitters of manuscript are indulgent. They appear to assume that an editor is naturally lazy and busy, that their articles compete with many others, that an editor who accepts an article in January, and who rejects a better article by the same hand in July, is not necessarily either out of his mind or the author's personal enemy, that the rejection may be due to the number of accepted manuscripts in stock. Rare is the contributor who keeps writing to find out why his accepted article has not been published and when it will be.

Rare, but not extinct. He still exists, and his trouble is always the same—unwillingness to imagine what actually happens in any newspaper office. True, his second article, which comes back to him, may be better than his first, which was published. But this anomaly is not always due to caprice, though why shouldn't an editor be capricious unless especially fashioned by Nature for his job? Perhaps he wondered, after that first article appeared, what could have induced him to print it, perhaps it cost him more subscribers than he thought it worth, perhaps his wife didn't like it and he happens to be the husband who was more docile than any beast of the field, perhaps somebody else's article on the same subject strikes him as a better bet.

Editors have as a rule good reason for their opinion when they say that the easiest contributors to deal with are those who are known as well-known. Why shouldn't they be easy? They are used to the ways of newspapers, they have access to many markets, they have more orders than they can fill, they are too busy to write long letters. Yet all editors have from time to time troubles caused by eminent names, since no writer, however famous, is always at his top form. You find one of your best men in a slump, he keeps sending things in, you publish some of them in the hope that he will soon recover his batting eye, he doesn't recover, you nurse him along, he gets well suddenly, sends you a corker—and then, silence! Nothing from him except a note saying that he has decided to write no more newspaper articles for the present, being engaged upon the composition of an epic which will take him two or three years.

In default of a training school for editors and contributors, must their situation remain unimproved? I do not think so. Even as things are, each class gets a haphazard sort of education from the other, and the process might easily be speeded up. Nearly every contributor has by this time learned to send in a stamped and addressed envelope with his manuscript. Why should he not send also a letter of rejection, written by himself so as to satisfy all but one of the wants he is conscious of? He might get it back—he would in some cases—but it might lead the editor to sit down and turn out a thorough piece of work, critical, helpful, fruitful, constructive, inspiring. Though such a letter told the contributor nothing, which is what most constructive letters are fated to tell, yet the editor would have learned something about the art of wording a letter so as to sound as if it had been written to a human being. And editors, from their side of the fence, could do a little educating. Even the stereotyped list of dont's would not be a total waste. Don't send in a list of the magazines you have contributed to—the editor may resent the implication that he doesn't stand on his own legs. Don't say you submit your article at the instigation of your brother-in-law—you ought to have an opinion of your own. Don't praise the editor's magazine in the letter which accompanies your manuscript. Wait until he has rejected it. Then a letter of praise will astonish him so that he will never forget you.

P. L.

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A Library Pinero

The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero, edited by Clayton Hamilton, Member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Volume I: The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

A GOOD American edition of Pinero has long been overdue. At last, thanks to Messrs. Walter H. Baker and Company, owners of the American copyrights, to the Messrs. Dutton, and to Mr. Clayton Hamilton, we have the first instalment of a good edition of eight of the plays. This first volume is to be followed by three more, which will contain the Gay Lord Quex, Iris, Letty, His House in Order, Mid-Channel and The Thunderbolt. It is a judicious choice, although The Benefit of the Doubt, both for the skill of its first act and for the light its last act throws upon Sir Arthur Pinero's moral taste, might well have been included. I am sorry Mr. Hamilton's scheme does not take in Trelawney of the "Wells," and two or three of the Court Theatre farces, and also, for the sake of its historical and biographical importance, The Profligate. However, no selection could satisfy everybody. This edition is one which all readers must have who take an intelligent interest in the development of playwrighting in English.

Mr. Hamilton supplies a preface, a general introduction, and also what he calls a critical preface to each of the two plays in this volume. He might have found a more descriptive word than "critical." An editor cannot very well be critical if he sees his subject several sizes larger than life. This is Mr. Hamilton's predicament. The feeling which informs the following passage informs too many others: "Shortly after my arrival in London I received a note from Sir Arthur inviting me to visit him at a stated hour. Because of my enormous admiration for his work, I felt as my friend, Mr. William Archer, must have felt when he was first invited to meet Henrik Ibsen in the rooms of the Scandinavian Club in Rome. I drove to Harley Street with trepidation, because of the great eminence of the man who was condescending to receive me."

What does Miss Austen say about the effect of knighthood upon Sir William Lucas, the politest among the Bennets' neighbors?—"The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly."

Mr. Hamilton writes often in too high a key. As here: "The importance of Pinero's message is sometimes questioned by contemporary critics. 'And what'—it might in justice, be inquired—'was the "message" of Velasquez?'" Or here: "Pinero is the great exponent and the great preceptor of contemporary dramaturgy, even as Donatello was the great teacher of the craft of sculpture when the Renaissance was at its height in Italy." Or here: "Pinero is absolutely radiant. There is no other adjective to describe the immediate effect of his personality. To quote a noble phrase from the New Testament—'a virtue goes out of him.'" Velasquez, Donatello, Christ—that Sir Arthur Pinero should lead Mr. Hamilton to think of the least of these is, let us politely say, surprising. That Mr. Hamilton should reveal this association of ideas is, let us more politely say, more surprising.

Throughout Mr. Hamilton's general introduction he does Sir Arthur as much disservice as overpraise can do. He alienates his readers by telling them that "the modern English drama" sprang "full-grown from the head of Pinero;" that Pinero "is—as even his most carping critics are accustomed to admit without discussion—the superlative, supreme technician in the entire range of the contemporary drama;" that "Pinero's plays, for the most part, have been written merely to reveal the natural evolutions of certain characters so utterly created that even their own author lacked authority to interfere with the dictates of their destiny;" that "as a practical exponent of modern dramaturgic craftsmanship, Pinero is even more adroit than Ibsen;" that Pinero is "the ablest architect of plays who ever lived."

Such things are all the more regrettable because Mr. Hamilton, for all his gush, is a likable writer, genuinely interested in the theatre and capable of communicating his interest. He knows his dramatic history. His picture of the British drama before 1893, the date of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, is both lively and—except for his failure to mention Lady Windermere's Fan—just. Here Mr. Hamilton does not exaggerate. The appearance of Mrs. Tanqueray did end a period when nobody took English plays seriously. Pinero made in 1893 an enormous step in advance. But from 1893 onward, except for the few, the too few lines which recognize Pinero's derivation from the younger Dumas and Scribe, Mr. Hamilton can see nothing in scale.

Mr. Hamilton is so fascinated by the technique of "well-made" plays, and knows it so thoroughly, that I wish he had written an elaborate defense of it. The subject takes one to the heart of Sir Arthur Pinero's skill, which is most of all skill to rouse curiosity and to write big thrilling scenes. To trace the course of this "well-made" technique from Scribe through Augier and Dumas, with perhaps a paragraph given to Sardou, that painstaking student of Scribe, to show what this technique has done to Pinero, and in what particulars he has bettered it—here was a task made to Mr. Hamilton's hand. He might even, though here I am less confident of his success, have gone on to explain why none of the greatest plays in the world have been "well-made;" why Mr. Shaw, who uses this technique so much less often and, from Mr. Hamilton's standpoint, so much less adroitly than Sir Arthur, has exerted so considerable an influence upon contemporary life and thought; why this technique now strikes some of us as defective in that it calls to itself more attention than we care to give, that it makes some of its masterpieces sound overprepared. Most of all I wish that Mr. Hamilton had compared and contrasted Pinero and Sudermann. Each is convinced that he is somehow related to the intellectual life of his time, and each is mistaken. Both represent life as calling for applause. Both seem to listen for applause while writing. Sudermann is more exciting—did Pinero ever do anything as breathless as Fritzchen?—and more pretentious. Pinero is a more finished workman, better company, has drawn more characters who can be imagined as existing off the stage, is incapable of admitting into a play such a fearful raisonneur as the traveller who devastates Die Ehre.

The "critical prefaces" to Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith, ever so much better than the general introduction, show that all this is material which Mr. Hamilton could have treated in any interesting way, and with less temptation to talk nonsense about Pinero and Velasquez, Pinero and Donatello, Pinero and Ibsen. Sometimes I almost suspect Mr. Hamilton of believing that Ibsen's plays would have been better if Sir Arthur had rewritten them.

Q. K.

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No Change in the Militarist

Deductions from the World War, by Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven of the German Imperial Staff. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. $1.25.

THE chief interest in this book lies in its lack of originality. The author, a capable and obviously honest Prussian militarist, has learned nothing from the war except that Germany must be better prepared for the future. His deductions are mere confirmations.

The book contains not a word about the things that interest us most. What the author thinks about the invasion of Belgium, the Belgian atrocities or the sinking of the Lusitania is not indicated. Apparently he accepts, quite uncritically, the official theory that the war was forced on Germany and that Germany used only those methods which any belligerent in her circumstances would have been compelled to use. There is only one deduction from the war: Germany should have been stronger.

Had she been stronger she would have won a "complete victory" at the Marne, and brought the war to an early conclusion. The incompleteness of that victory, for the author never explicitly admits defeat, was due, he contends, to her being outnumbered. Possessing insufficient resources for the great task of encircling the French army, Germany was obliged to surrender the initiative to her western foes. She might even have been defeated had those foes possessed the capacity to utilize their opportunities.

In the future, therefore, Germany must have a larger army, a larger navy, a more scientific military preparation, a firmer economic basis for war, as well as certain improved educational methods which will strengthen the military system. Everything else, he believes, may remain as it was. The good old German military drill has been abundantly vindicated, and after this war the army must remain aristocratic in its leadership. For "if mob-rule is an absurdity in a state, how much more so is it in an army." The government "must disregard every objection and see to it" that military appropriations shall be larger so "that the disproportion between the credits which are asked for and what has to be done in case of war shall in any case never again be so great as it was in the World War." All able-bodied young men without exception must undergo military training, and even those men who are at first rejected must receive a cursory drill since in war "they form a generous source of reserves."

To peace Freytag-Loringhoven pays a perfunctory tribute, and he even admits "that the effects of war are terrible." Nevertheless he subscribes to the usual militaristic theory that wars are necessary, inevitable and therefore good. "War has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered, war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years." A universal peace league is a Utopia, pacifism hypocrisy. The Germans must disencumber themselves "once and for all" of any vague cosmopolitan sentimentality. Since the spiritual transformation of the human race is improbable "the German people will have to seek firm cohesion in its glorious army and in its belaureled young navy."

What sort of a world we should have if Germany were victorious is intimated by a quotation from the historian Droysen on the moral factor of war. "Certainly," says Droysen, "it is not the fortune of war which decides the question of right and wrong between states, but to succumb in the struggle for existence is evidence of disorders or weakness such as history does not forgive. Wealth and size and abundance of material resources are not sufficient. There are other and ethical factors which ensure and achieve victory, a deeply inculcated *docility*, an *order* and *subordination* such as give shape to the mass, a *discipline* such as renders it fit for use and self-confidence even under failure, an emulation of all the noble passions such as steels and braces the soul, together with a strong will to direct the whole, and power of thought to point the way to the desired goal." (Our italics.)

The book contains interesting observations on tactics, strategy, military education and the economic and moral factors of war. But it is in the main a mere glorification of military strength, a document in militarism. Viewed by a democrat, it indicates that the conflict of democracy with military caste cannot possibly be reconciled.

W. E. W.

Essence of Life

Helen of Four Gates, by an Ex-Mill-Girl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

THE picture on the detachable cover of this book is an outward symbol of what persists to the last page. But that which it symbolizes cannot, unfortunately, be so easily removed and crumpled out of sight. One has to read through it to the power beneath. Sometimes this leaps out of itself—in a magical sentence or a truth freshly understood or some fragment of a scene. It is like a fire burning through a tawdry curtain.

That first glimpse of the wild North England country, as "Night with a laugh of anarchy blotted out the symbols of law and order," is extraordinarily vivid. We see the stone piles that had been altars of the druids . . . the water courses "glittering like fire-snakes. . . They had witnessed the chasing of witches to their deaths . . ." and the Tramp Hole fed from the towns "that spat away from themselves those who were broken, or those who would not bend. They became Tramps. They fell into this giant spittoon . . . where the man who was not wanted took the woman who was not wanted." Every sentence is keyed to the sombre harmony of the foreshadowed theme: "It was the hour when children spawned by the bog were found." Yet here the note of boding drama is over-emphasized, weakening the effect.

The story recalls Wuthering Heights, and in intensity and sometimes in power, the writer greatly resembles Emily Brontë, without having her living grip on character. Only Helen and Martin show graduations of mood. The rest have an inhuman consistency. There is no unexpectedness, no complexity. Old Mason and Fielding Day are mere pegs for passions, personifications of Hate and the lust of Power. No development takes place in any of them. After an interlude of years, they look out with the same monotonously craving or cursing faces.

And yet the passages between Helen, the avid mate-woman, who feels but does not think, and Martin, "tending world-ward," are full of delicate perceptions. As when Martin speaks of his vain efforts to find some place where a phantom Helen may not importune him: "I go in th' woods. Tha's bin there. Tha' seems to laugh at me, peepin' fro' th' leaves o' the trees. Th' house is full o' thee when tha'rt out."

The sex-duel between them turns eternally on the pivot of Martin's fear. He is not only struggling with his new-found capacity for thought, that fear-carrier to mediocrity,

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but the weaker life-principle within him instinctively guards itself from possible danger to its perpetuation. In Helen the healthy life-force, sure of its magnificent resistance, defies the menace of inherited madness; even—last achievement of hardihood!—the opinion of the women of Four Gates.

They are not much in the foreground, these women, but somehow I am always aware of them. Their gray-shawled shadows fall across the brightness of the May mornings. When they do appear, they dominate. Sue Marsh—surely she is alone in literature, that sex-starved old woman, creeping about in the darkness of hedges, listening to the whisperings of young lovers. And her naive, half wistful "Am I awful, Helen Mason?" and Lizzie Trip in her kitchen, fuming over the broken lamp glass. She has more actuality than the associate villain Day: "If a scarecrow could look handsome, it might be said that Fielding Day was such a handsome scarecrow." And in spite of the effort wasted on his make-up, or perhaps because of it, he is nothing but a scarecrow. It seems absurd that Helen should shiver before the illusion of his uplifted arm—unbelievable that he should beget a child. Only his boots persist—"boots that clung to his feet by some miracle, revealing at intervals, pallid dirty toes."

Even old Mason is only a gory mirage.

This sense of unreality is due partly to the writer's intrusion of her personality. She stands behind her characters, anticipating their every move, commenting, explaining the obvious, thereby breaking the slight weft of illusion. Then the lack of reserve in her treatment spoils all but surface effects. There is nothing held back for an ultimate word. Her reds are all ultravermilion. And she lays on her blacks till shadows lose their mystery. There is no retreat, luring to further exploration. There is no farther to go.

But in some of the passages between Martin and Helen there is real power, combined with a singular purity of treatment. Helen's passion may be torrential, but it is never muddy. It has the clarity of running water. When, in a desperate effort to hold her irresolute lover, she tears open her bodice, dazzling him with the moony glimmer of her breasts, we do not need the author's assurance that she used her white magic as a "priestess, not as a courtezan." There is a spirituality in the whole scene. We are hardly aware of their bodies. It is their stripped souls that are struggling against each other. There is the same sense of spiritual travail in the night talk with Sue Marsh, and in that naked confidence in Lizzie Trip's kitchen, when Helen tells of her loathing for her unborn child—breaking off to take the burning cake out of the oven!

But from this on the book fails. Emotions have been stretched to breaking point. Overstrained nerves sag and weaken. Everywhere is relaxation, save in old Mason's hate, circling on its own momentum. Eyes "glitter" without conviction. The Young Lady on the cover thrusts her spurious appeal between me and the tired emotion that is Helen. Then my tolerance of old Mason does not grow with hers. I'd be glad when the dog turns on him if I only believed it. As for Martin, he spoke truly; he is "a dead man" and cannot be galvanized into life again. The author has resorted to that interference with the inevitable that is the negation alike of life and art, and the story leaks with its moral of love triumphant. That miraculous intervention on the hill-side is a subterfuge of the cheapest movie-drama.

Yet when all is said, this story by an Ex-Mill-Girl, remains a remarkable book—a first offering of genius that it is impossible not to notice. It is not a pink shining shell of a thing. It is an essence, however crudely distilled, out of our common life, with an authentic if ill-dressed beauty. Winds blow salt out of its pages, and the sun glimmers through tossing leaves that are not quite like other leaves, and the smell of the earth has a new sweetness. Even in those last pages is a touch of magic as Martin puts the baby plover back in its nest: "It's wonderful to hold in your hand what'll go round and round the sky."

LOLA RIDGE.

Making Over the Body

Man's Supreme Inheritance, by F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

MR. ALEXANDER rather needs the delighted "introductory word" of Professor Dewey's to justify his own philosophical exuberance. For without such a ratification, the reader is bound to question whether the author of Man's Supreme Inheritance has been able to put his mind into that state of delicate balance and harmony into which he can put other people's bodies by his system of conscious muscular guidance and control. The practice seems more significant than the philosophy. Mr. Alexander seems to have demonstrated, in Australia, in England, and latterly in his work with experimental schools in this country, that he possesses a rare physiological intuition and a technique of re-educating the body out of the bad muscular habits into which it has unconsciously fallen, and which impede self-expression and are often the cause of serious functional disturbances. Professor Dewey himself testifies to the successful working of the technique in concrete cases. The old muscular movements, the wrongness of which ordinary "physical exercises" only reinforced, are inhibited, and then the right movements are produced by conscious direction of the will. The body becomes a genuine instrument, and spontaneity, self-expression, become for the first time intelligible terms.

But is it not a mistake, when you have so valuable a pragmatic intuition and power, to let your enthusiasm wrap the idea up in a cosmic and evolutionary philosophy which could not, in the nature of the case, be half so persuasive as the technique itself? Mr. Alexander insists upon presenting this technique as the symptom of a conscious guidance and control which is to be humanity's next step in evolution. The old unconscious days are to be over, and intelligent manipulation is to reign in their stead. But is not the task he suggests a little appalling? For if this next step in evolution is to mean anything it means that every separate human being must make over his bodily coordinations. And the secret of that making-over lies—we must conclude—almost exclusively in the rare intuition and skill of Mr. Alexander. If the school must wait until every one of its children has learned conscious guidance and control, the next step in evolution will be very long delayed. Mr. Alexander's application of his idea to the large problems of social evolution, and the shortcomings of civilization, shows an attentive modern ear. But do we any longer think of evolution as a road along which mankind moves abreast in solid phalanx onward and upward forever? Isn't mankind, if it is anything, a pitiful and straggling army, strung along by degrees all the way between heaven and hell, between rationality and instinct, between attainment and futility? Will it ever be anything else? Is an era of world-war, in which statesmen are

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proving as blind and helpless as the manipulated masses, quite the most convincing time for so far-flung a philosophy of conscious control? Of desire, will, revolt—yes; but not the anticipation that we begin a new era of human intelligence. Mr. Alexander thinks the war is the product of too much reliance on instinctive guidance in human affairs. Is this any more plausible than Dr. Jung's theory that it is a revolt of the "collective unconscious" against an era of too much rational and deliberate control?

Philosophy is a dangerous quicksand. Professor Dewey's instrumentalism has held out to Mr. Alexander a helping hand, but has scarcely saved him from getting at times beyond his depth. He has a physiological technique which is apparently a kind of reversed psycho-analysis, unwinding the psychic knots by getting control of the physical end-organs. A unity and balance of the body is worked for to produce an integration and harmony of the mind. Man's supreme inheritance is the ability to control the circumstances of his own life. But Mr. Alexander's empiric idea and practice are too valuable to be wrapped up in a philosophy that is not just as vigorously integrated and intelligently guided as the muscular system which he skillfully directs towards perfect functioning.

R. B.

Recent Publications

The Business of War, by Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

FASCINATING are these details of what is—barring the German nation—the greatest business organization in the world, the vast and intricate structure by which Great Britain feeds, clothes and munitions five million men on half-a-dozen fronts. The Business of War sketches the careful machinery that daily solves almost insuperable problems in production, transport, distribution, salvage; opens our eyes to an almost uncanny foresight and ingenuity, explains such mysteries as the Vocabulary, the Vehicle Pool, Casualty Parks; leads us past rivers of gasoline, tons of tea, mountains of shells. Yet Mr. Marcosson views colossal things as one does mountains from a train, impressionistically, without geology or topography. The book is a Paean, not an Anatomy of Efficiency. As such it is topped off by red-blooded portraits of Northcliffe and Geddes, both strange mixtures of the Business Demi-god and From Office-boy to President styles.

Approaches to the Great Settlement, by Emily Greene Balch. With a bibliography of some of the more recent books and articles dealing with international problems. Introduction by Norman Angell. Published for the American Union against Militarism. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

IT is a sign of today's more democratic diplomacy that peace-making takes the form of speeches to parliaments, newspaper interviews, and other public outgivings. All the governments at war have issued statements indicating terms which they might consider, or at least setting the tone and attempting to lay the basis for negotiations. Especially important have been the various manifestoes of the socialist and labor parties. Professor Balch has done excellent service in collecting this material and combining it into a connected narrative. The book traces the unsteady course of this quasi-negotiation from the German Peace Note of December, 1916, down to the end of 1917. The work has been carefully performed, and the book should be valuable to all students of the development of public opinion during the war. Mr. Norman Angell has written an illuminating introduction and the book contains photographs of leading European statesmen as well as a satisfactory bibliography of recent books and magazine articles dealing with international problems.

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NEW YORK

The House of Conrad, by Elias Tobenkin. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

IT is a serious and absorbing study of contemporary life that Mr. Tobenkin gives us in this second novel of his, The House of Conrad, and the story is told simply. The plot revolves around the struggles of Gottfried Conrad, who, when he came to New York's young German colony, made the mistake of being hostile to the things he did not understand. With dogged determination he set out to build the House of Conrad on the sands of his resistance to "American narrowness and clannishness," which were forever trying to remodel the newcomer and pattern him after their own fashion. The House was to be an embodiment of the socialistic principles that he and his comrades had dreamed of in the old world. Gradually he bends before the discipline of life, and in the refining process he learns to accept the true ideals of American liberty on which can be founded the contented and peace-

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ful Conrad home. It means the sacrifice of one generation. The son, Fred, organizer for the General Labor Federation, is caught in the coils of politics and succumbs. Only through the grandchildren does Gottfried see the realization of his dreams. With the true spirit of the pioneer Robert strikes out for the land, and on a homestead in the west is founded the House of Conrad. The story of Ruth, the granddaughter, is less convincing: her falling prey to the clutches of the well meaning Juvenile Protective Society is unprepared for and comes too suddenly to be readily accepted, solicitous though such societies may be. This is a minor blemish in a work of such outstanding merit and far-reaching perspective.

The Finding of Norah, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

THE Finding of Norah is more than a variation on the theme of whether love can bridge an intellectual gap between a man and a woman. It is a document of the war; though it might not be recognized as such by people who look to their war books for trench fighting only. In Norah, Miss Frothingham impersonates that slender current of American opinion which flowed to President Wilson's support before America actually declared war; and in Norah's blindly belligerent fiancé and relatives she sketches those who then as now insist on misunderstanding the President's motives. Yet Miss Frothingham's characters are more than animated editorials; they have enough life and charm in their own right to make The Finding of Norah romance as well as history.

American Women and the World War, by Ida Clyde Clarke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

AMERICAN Women and the World War is an ample reference book dealing with the war activities of women's organizations, both those long established and those touched into hectic existence by the war. Every organization in every state from the Red Cross to the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Society of Arizona is described—and praised, until one feels that Mrs. Clarke is to be honored for enthusiasm rather than for discrimination. The book fills a need, nevertheless, and it is wholly adequate in its emphasis on the valuable work of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XIV, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st street, New York City.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT—A graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Author of French Perspectives. She has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT—Novelist and literary critic. Author of Every One His Own Way, True Love and Making Both Ends Meet.

I. L. KANDEL—On the staff of the Carnegie Foundation. Associate in Education at the Teachers College at Columbia. Graduate of the University of Manchester and Columbia.

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